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The Mother of Mothers in Israel.

Eliza R. Snow.

The study of histories and biographies judiciously perused gives one a liberal education, for not only are all the activities of life herein manifested, but the characters of men and women with the forces and elements which have contributed to successes and failures, are set before the reader with vivid pen-strokes.

In the study of the greatest women of modern times, nay, the greatest women of all times, not excepting those Hebrew heroines whose names shine out on the pages of the Bible, we pass naturally from Lucy Mack Smith to her daughter-in-law, Mary Fielding Smith, and then we come face to face with Eliza R. Snow. She had no children of her own, but she was indeed by nature and grace, the mother of all mothers in Israel. She revered motherhood next to fatherhood and her whole life was a dedication to the service of her sex in its most exalted phases of motherhood.

Eliza R. Snow was born on the 21st of January, 1804, in Becket, Berkshire County, Massachusetts, into a scholarly and refined household. She had every advantage of education and cultural surroundings. She early showed her poetic gifts and was invited, when only a girl of 22, to write a requiem for John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, whose simultaneous deaths, on July 24, 1826, afforded a worthy theme for the inspiration and lofty grandeur of her gifted, poetic pen. Her father had fought through the whole Revolution, and his stories of the hardships endured and the purpose thereof, were a never failing source of patriotic reverence to his studious daughter.

Her parents removed to Mantua, Ohio, and there received the gospel. Eliza was baptized into the Church on the 5th of April, 1835, and she soon removed to Kirtland. She entered the family of the Prophet Joseph Smith as a governess for his children

and opened a select school for young ladies in his home. She wrote constantly, and all of her poems were saturated with devotion to her country and to her newly espoused religion. When the Saints settled in Nauvoo the young poetess accompanied them in their travels. What she endured, together with her parents and her noble brother, Lorenzo Snow—who was later made President of the Church—could never be told. Pen could not write nor imagination conceive the difficulties which this delicately nurtured lady experienced in common with the others of her sex who belonged to the hated "Mormon" people.

On reaching Nauvoo she still continued her occupation of school teaching, and on the 29th of June, 1842, she was sealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith. She loved the Prophet Joseph with a deep and wide affection which only such natures may understand. All that others thought about him in honor and praise was reflected in double measure in her own consuming affection for this Prophet of God. She once answered a curious young girl, who had asked her an impertinent question concerning the measure of affection possible for the Prophet to feel under such circumstances: "I could not love my husband if I did not know that his heart was as broad as eternity."

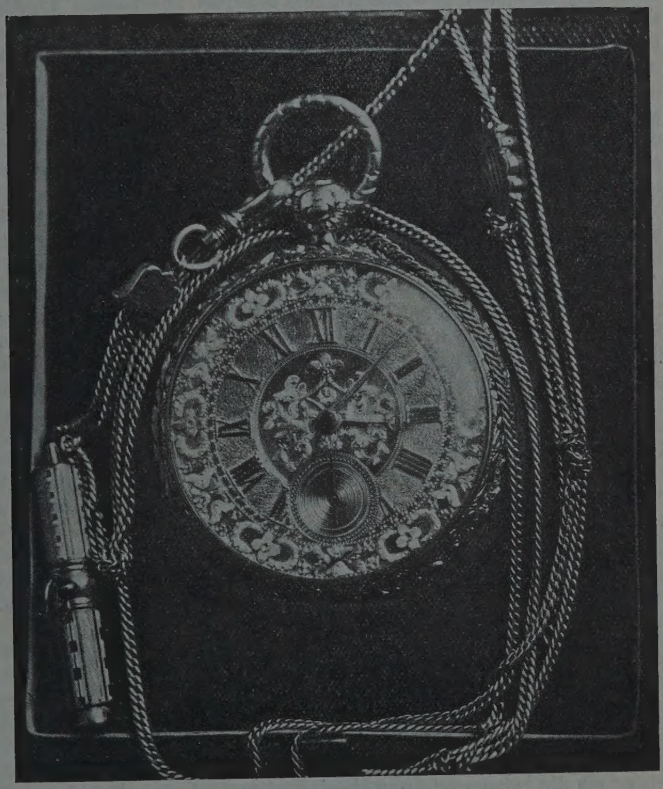
Such sincere and exalted devotion cannot be understood outside of those who have embraced the gospel. So well did she love the Prophet that, although she accepted the generous offer of protection and a home from his best friend and his successor, Brigham Young, after her widowhood, that protection was in name only, and she did not even take the surname of President Young, but was always called by her public name, Eliza R. Snow.

When the first Relief Society was organized on March 17, 1842, Eliza R. Snow was chosen as the secretary, on that historic occasion. A little incident which shows the high esteem in which the Prophet held her follows:

When the Prophet came into the Relief Society meeting, she asked him concerning the time, and taking out his own watch he laid it upon the table beside her and said, "Here is a timepiece and you may keep it, from me." That watch was presented by Sister Snow to her beloved friend and nephew, President Joseph F. Smith. (See illustration.)

Sister Eliza R. Snow faithfully kept the minutes of the Relief Society meetings held for the next two years in Nauvoo, and the original records are now deposited in the Historian's office where they are treasured as a rare relic of those days. When the Nauvoo temple was opened just after the martyrdom, Eliza R. Snow was chosen to officiate as one of the High Priestesses in that sacred court. After the Saints were driven out she shared in the dreadful exposures and hardships that followed the expul-

sion from Nauvoo. She learned to drive an ox team herself, and while resting for a few months in a miserable log house, laid up like children's cob houses, with cracks in it from one to four inches wide and only a tent covering over the top, Sister Snow



THE PROPHET JOSEPH SMITH'S WATCH.
Given by him to Eliza R. Snow, in 1844. Given by her to President Joseph F. Smith, in 1870.

was taken sick with chills and fever. This was in Winter Quarters, in August, 1846-7, and here, for some months, her life was dispaired of. She did not entirely recover for many years from the dreadful exposures of that awful winter. And yet she sang! oh, how she sang! of love, of life, of faith, hope and charity. The sweetness and the benediction of peace fell like clouds of incense upon every line which she wrote. Her songs

were sung around the camp-fire, and by weary men, along unbroken trails; they were crooned over the cradles by tender mothers, and hymned in the crowded meetinghouses of the Saints, while even children voiced her psalms of praise, as they trudged their way to school. Before she left Nauvoo, she wrote, "O, My Father," one of the most beloved hymns ever written for this people. And the hymn book discloses for us the wealth of her imagery, the beauty of her meters, and the exalted piety of her muse. She is one of the greatest, if not the greatest, hymn writers that this Church has produced. It would be impossible in the confines of this little sketch, to do anything like justice to her poetic powers or to analyze her as poet and writer. We suggest to the sisters of the Relief Society that they purchase her poems and read them occasionally, not only in their public assemblies, but on the Sabbath days, and in the evening hours of restfulness and reflection.

On arriving in Salt Lake City, in Sept., 1847, she was married to President Brigham Young, in 1849, for time only. She lived first in what was known as the Old Log Row, and there lay upon a bed of suffering for a number of years. She had consumption and nearly coughed and spit her lungs and life away, but through it all she was patient and sweet, and gently charitable, never offering one word of complaint nor criticism. When the Lion House was completed, in 1856, she was given her quarters there. In May, 1855, when the Endowment House was opened, President Young asked Sister Eliza R. Snow to officiate as a Priestess in the Endowment House. She expressed fears that her health would not permit her to do justice to so important a mission, but he assured her that her health should improve, and that she should have joy in her labors to which the Lord had called her.

About this time Sister Snow came across a book of Dr. Dio. Lewis's, recommending daily cold baths and plenty of fresh air. She immediately adopted this regime and those who sometimes peeped into her bed-room of a winter morning would find a wooden tub full of water with a thin coating of ice on it before her bed, all ready to be used for a morning ablution. Sister Snow never wholly recovered from the irritating little cough which was the only result from her long siege of consumption.

She was an exquisite seamstress. Her embroideries were works of art, and there is still extant a bed-spread embroidered by her, which is even now a thing of beauty. She made many temple robes and other garments for the clothing of the dead. She was never idle. If she were not writing or studying or conversing, you may be sure her hands were busy with some delicate needlework.

She was a marvel of patience. At one time a certain sister

turned upon her and administered a bitter tongue lashing. Sister Snow did not reply, and when asked by a by-stander how she could endure such a thing quietly, Sister Snow replied that there was only one injured and that was the person who gave way to such violence of temper. Even if she was generally patient, it was not because she had not the wit nor the quick intelligence to make reply. On one occasion, in the Lion House where Sister Snow always sat on the right hand side of President Brigham Young and where they frequently entered into instructing, and inspiring discourse, there had been considerable discussion in the family circle concerning the bringing up of children, to which Sister Snow had contributed: "I notice," said one of the tart spoken women present, "that it is always old maids and childless women who know most about bringing up children."

Clearing her throat in her usual deliberate way, Sister Snow replied, "I would rather go into the Kingdom of Heaven childless than to bring up one son who would deny the faith," which fate, as to the son, overtook the tart spoken woman.

When President Young wished to have the Relief Society organized completely in all its branches, he gave Sister Eliza R. Snow the mission of assisting the bishops in this great work, and told her to take Sister Zina D. H. Young as her companion. This was in 1866, and from that day to her death, Sister Snow stood at the head of all organization work for women in the Church. President John Taylor organized the General Boards, in 1888, and placed Sister Snow at the head of the Relief Society and the women in the Church. It was under her that all the wondrous departments in sericulture, suffrage, nurse classes, and woman's newspaper and woman's hospital, co-operative stores, Women's Relief Society halls, the saving of grain, and indeed every enterprise and activity known to women even today, germinated, and took root under her beneficent and marvelous organizing powers.

Sister Snow visited Palestine, in 1872-3, with her brother. Lorenzo Snow and his party, and wrote a complete account of this in a series of letters which were afterwards published. She also wrote the biography of her brother, President Snow, and many other books, and volumes of poetry.

Sister Eliza R. Snow was in most respects the greatest woman this Church has produced. To her gifts as poet, writer, public speaker, high priestess in the temples, and ministering angel among women, she added the supreme gift of initiation. She knew how to handle women. When she entered a room or an assembly, no matter what condition things may have been in before her entrance, she at once dominated the gathering, and order followed immediately, for the whole essence of her personality was dignity and poise. Strife, petty contention, envy, malice, selfish

ambition and worldliness, fled from her presence. She was the high priestess of the religion of Jesus Christ and as such she ministered amongst the people.

She was the greatest organizer among the women this Church has ever seen. Others might suggest schemes and plans, but with prophetic poise and essence of values she seized upon the practical features, and instantly put into successful operation every proper suggestion and plan for the salvation of women and for the development of the home. She was ultra-progressive, and yet, with it all, she united a rigid adherence to the vital principles of the relation of the sexes as taught by the gospel. She organized Relief Societies in every town, village and ward. She traveled thousands of miles, and sometimes under the most trying pioneer circumstances, but no complaint ever passed her lips—nothing but rejoicing and words of peace and sweet sobriety. She encouraged women, and often suggested that other women should be put in charge of various departments, leaving them free to develop their own initiative and to carry on the work. There was nothing petty, spiteful or mean about Eliza R. Snow. She measured people accurately, and she had the power to inspire those who came near her, with the desire to do their very best. She had an eloquence born of the lambent flame of inspiration; and when she spoke, her words were so simple, so direct and so impassioned that her hearers caught them breathlessly and treasured them forever in their hearts. She led out in all measures of reform. When President Brigham Young desired the sisters to create their own fashions, and wished them to adopt some local costume, Sister Snow, together with a few equally courageous ones, developed the hide-

ELIZA R. SNOW, (CENTER), AND HER CLOSE FRIENDS.
Elizabeth Howard (left) and Hannah T. King (right.)

ous Deseret costume which was a cross between Mrs. Bloomer's dress and the clothing of the Oriental women. She braided hats and wore them. She crocheted collars and wore them, and always she believed that the beauty of the raiment of the woman should be the workmanship of her own hands.

Supreme among all her characteristics was her reverence for the priesthood. She took no honors to herself. She asked for no personal glory. She recognized the fact that not only should the priesthood be honored above all things in heaven and on the earth, but also she knew that those who were the vicegerents of God upon this earth had offered to women, without suggegstion and without request, the highest honors and rights which women have ever enjoyed upon this earth. She would permit no woman to take credit for the organization of the Relief Society which had come as a direct revelation to the Prophet Joseph himself, nor would she allow any woman, much less herself, any honor for the reorganization of that Society in the valleys of the mountains, nor for the inception of the Young Ladies' Retrenchment, later the Improvement, Association, nor for the Primary Association. Scan her writings, examine her reports, study her recorded speeches, and you will find in them all, that absence of self-glorification, that quick willingness to give to God the glory, and to accord to his servants what earthly credit there may be for the various opportunities given to women and children in this Church.

She possessed great initiative, and yet so quietly and modestly did she work that few guessed the springs of their own activity, because she adroitly set them in motion and watched with unselfish joy the successful results. She despised flattery and adultation, nor would she permit herself to be showered with honors. She succeeded completely in losing herself in Christ Jesus. It is this majestic humility which added so much to the sum of her greatness.

In and through it all, she was a mother to all mothers. No night was too dark, no distance too great, for her to go out and administer to the sick child or to the discouraged mother. She has waited upon thousands and has washed and anointed multitudes of prospective mothers for their future confinements. Always her voice was lifted in praise and honor for full and complete motherhood. She gloried in the woman who bore children repeatedly and continuously. She would often point out in assemblies the mothers of large families as the bright and beautiful examplars for the rest of the community. And yet, she had no children of her own. It may be that when eternity unfolds the doors, we shall know why she and other childless wives have been denied this great and priceless blessing. Ye childless mothers, it is only when ye turn your hearts and empty arms to minister to

other women blessed and burdened with little children and cares, that ye can bear your burdens of loneliness and sad regret.

Eliza R. Snow died on the 5th of December, 1887, in the historic old Lion House. She was attended, in her later sickness, by her beloved friends, Zina D. Young, Lucy B. Young, and Minerva W. Snow. President Lorenzo Snow asked the latter to remain with his sister until the last, and this she did.

Sister Snow was tall and slender, with dark eyes and dark-brown hair. She was deliberate in speech and manner, and very dignified. Everyone thought of some Hebrew prophetess when she was near. Herself almost without fault, she was never critical of faults in others, requiring only justice for herself. She poured the vial of mercy upon all who came within the radius of her presence. She was and is a pattern for all Latter-day Saint women to emulate. May her rest be glorious.

ZION PROSPERS, ALL IS WELL

By Eliza R. Snow.

O awake! my slumbering minstrel,
Let my harp forget its spell;
Say, O say, in sweetest accents,
Zion prospers, all is well.

Strike a chord unknown to sadness,
Strike, and let its numbers tell,
In celestial tones of gladness,
Zion propers, all is well.

Zion's welfare is my portion,
And I feel my bosom swell
With a warm, divine emotion,
When she prospers, all is well.

"The Conference Folks."

Elsie Chamberlain Carroll.

"O, I almost forgot to tell you, mother; Conference will be held here after all. They have an epidemic of measles in Glenville. Father just got word and wanted me to be sure to tell you. Two of the apostles are coming and some sisters to represent the Relief Society and Primary." Young Richard Easton's eyes had not left the headlines of the newspaper while he delivered this information, and now he settled himself comfortably in his father's congress chair to read the war news. But something in his mother's long, weary sigh, and the way she dropped into the rocker by the window, made him look up.

"I feel like I'd rather fly than have 'conference folks' just now," she explained apologetically. "The house is so dirty, and part of the bedding ought to be washed, and I miss Nellie so when it comes to cooking for company. She always liked to fix the fancy dishes and—well I was just feeling so relieved that it wasn't going to be here this time." Mrs. Easton had just nursed her husband and four sons through a siege of spring grippe, and was hardly recovered from a touch of the same malady herself.

Dick studied his mother silently. His two and a half years in the mission field, he had left but a month ago, had given him a new understanding. His mind recalled the familiar crowd of "conference folks" his mother had entertained during the fifteen years his father had been Bishop of Hilton. There were always the apostles, and other Church authorities from the city, in whom he and his younger brothers stood in embarrassed awe. Then there were usually two or three bishops from some of the other wards, with their wives, and usually a son or daughter or two. His father's old missionary companions from Glendon always came, and his mother's cousins from Freeville. These were their regular guests. Then there were always others who had no special headquarters. He recalled many a time when their company list had exceeded twenty—and there were seven of themselves. Where his mother had managed to stow them all, only a bishop's wife could guess. It had always been a mystery to him, although he did retain vivid recollections of himself and three brothers on such occasions, being packed like so many sardines on the old dining-room sofa with a row of chairs to hold them from rolling onto the floor. He had his suspicions that his father slept at such times, in his morris chair in the parlor, and his mother in the rocker between the baby's cradle and the old sofa.

And the feeding of the multitude! Conference time had

always been a synonym for a feasting time in his early years. It had stood for chicken and custard pie, and chocolate cake, and fruit salad and creamy puddings. Great scott! How had mother done it? Just she and Nellie—and now Nellie was away at college. No wonder she felt like she'd rather fly. He'd had some experience himself—cooking in the mission field.

"Well, I mustn't sit here, even if I don't know where to begin. They'll all be here by noon tomorrow, and maybe some of them will come tonight. Brother and Sister Duncan usually come early, and the Davis girls like to come for the dance usually held the night before conference starts."

"Mother, why is it you always have such a mob? There's no sense in it. There are enough families in Hilton that conference need not work a hardship on any one. You never get to a meeting, do you? Why do they all come here?"

"Yes, I get to a meeting or two nearly every time, and I suppose the reason they come here is because father is Bishop and it's a sort of custom. Goodness knows we can't always make them comfortable. But they are welcome, of course. I really didn't mean what I just said. I wonder if you'll have time to help a little this afternoon. We'll have to put some extra beds and cots up stairs and I'll have to get you to catch some chickens and bring up a sack of flour from the granary." Mrs. Easton left the rocking chair and went into the bedroom where Dick could hear her opening and closing drawers, taking stock of the supply of bed and table linen. His face had been serious with his recollections of the moment before, but it now became grave. Mother was not well. No wonder she felt unequal to a task two or three women might well shirk. She ought not to be allowed to do it. He followed her into her bedroom.

"Mother, why don't you let the conference folks help with the extra work they make. As I remember it, you and Nellie do all the dishes and everything else, don't you?"

"Yes, mostly," and another sigh escaped mother. "You see, they come for the meetings and—"

"Well, they're not in meeting all the time. They shouldn't sit around and let you wait on them when they are here. It isn't right." His mother laughed.

"I used to think that, too, Richard. But it's hard to know how to go ahead in another's home when you are company, even if you want to." The young man stood thinking while his mother took a pile of sheets and pillow slips and began to climb the stairs. He noticed that she stopped twice to get her breath before she got to the top.

Mother wasn't as young as she used to be, and she wasn't well now, either. That thought persisted in Dick's mind. She ought not to have all this extra work and responsibility. Of

course, he would help what he could—but—. A sudden thought took possession of him. Why he'd do it all—mission style. He'd make mother go and spend the three days of conference with Grandmother and go to all the meetings and have the rest she needed. He realized that he'd have to get her out of the way, or his plan would never work, because the foundation of the mission style of handling such a situation, was the elimination of all unnecessary work (and mother might insist that some of it was necessary), and every one doing his share.

He rushed up the steps two at a time and found his mother sitting on one of the beds her hand at her side.

"I get all petered out, climbing stairs since my cold," she explained.

"Look here, mother, I've got a plan for this 'conference folks' business, and you've simply got to let me try it out. You've bossed me for twenty-three years, now I want you to let me be the boss once," and he gave her an affectionate pat on the shoulders. He sat beside her and went into detail with his plan.

At first Mrs. Easton remonstrated, as he knew she would, but finally his determination and her own weariness won his case and she promised to let him have his way, if father did not object.

"It isn't like there was no other place for them to stay," he reminded her. "There are plenty of people to take them in, if they don't like my manner of hospitality."

Dick hustled about fixing the beds at his mother's direction, before he went to the office to talk his scheme over with his father. As the young man had anticipated, Bishop Easton fell in heartily with the plan.

"I've worried a good deal over the hardship conference time always works on mother," he told his son. "Of course, we like to make everybody welcome and we are always glad to have the authorities and our friends with us, but it is almost impossible to get help at such times and mother really never gets anything out of it but a lot of extra drudging."

"Well, she's going to this time, if my plan works; and if it is successful we can try it every time, and if it doesn't work—well, I imagine mother won't have quite so many to do for again anyhow." Dick laughed, as he hurried to his field of action.

That afternoon a little before dark Mrs. Easton packed her best dress, a night gown, a kimona, and an apron into Dick's suitcase, while Billie, her youngest, was getting ready to go with her to the other side of town to Grandma Hepworth's.

"I do hope everything goes all right," she began, as she hesitated a moment in the doorway, looking doubtfully toward the kitchen.

"Of course, things'll go all right," her big son assured her. "And you must remember that you are not to worry or think about

us down here at all, and I want to see you at every meeting with grandma." Mrs. Easton still lingered.

"Do you really think, Richard, that you'll be able to get to part of the meetings? It would be a shame for you to miss them. Everybody will be so anxious to see you and talk with you."

"Sure I'll get to the meetings. Don't you worry. Now, good night. I'll see you at ten o'clock in the morning," and Dick kissed his mother on the cheek and gave her a gentle little shove toward the porch.

As soon as he was sure she was gone, he took a pencil and paper from his pocket and sat down at the kitchen table.

"Now, let's see about our menu. With what bread mother had on hand and the big batch we baked this afternoon, there ought to be bread enough. If we run out there's plenty of crackers in the store. Mother says she always cooks six or eight chickens—part roasted and part chicken pie—but we'll change that to eight or ten pounds of good boiled beef, which will be just as 'fillin'' and a whole lot more economical, as to time—and money, too. We'll cut out the pies and cakes and fancy stuff Nell always fusses over for days. There's a raft of good canned fruit in the cellar that won't tempt us to overeat like the fancy stuff would, and so go to sleep in meeting. This should be a time to feed the spirit instead of overfeeding the body, anyhow. I'll cook two big pots of Boston baked beans, and hull a kettle of father's good flint corn, and bake a couple of whopping rice puddings. I think that, with plenty of good milk and butter and cheese will keep body and soul together until the folks get home again, anyhow."

The next day Richard Easton slipped from his seat, as the choir was singing the closing song for the forenoon meeting. He hurried home where he had left his younger brother Phil in charge. He found Phil with his habitual book, but he had not forgotten to start the fire at the time Dick had told him, so that was all that was necessary.

The baked beans sent out an appetizing odor when the oven door was opened. The young chef placed a large saucepan half full of water on the stove.

"Go down and bring up a pan of milk for me, Phil. It is quite chilly today, so I'll make a pot of cocoa." The beverage was soon bubbling on the stove, while the cook and his young assistant hustled about the kitchen.

"Come now, we'll get things on to the table. No, we don't want a tablecloth. Get that roll of paper napkins and asbestos pads I brought from the store. Scatter them around on the table and leave a pile at each end. O, yes, and hang up that roll of paper toweling by the sink. There's no need of mother having a lot of extra washing. No one will object to wiping on a paper

towel a few times. Now put the plates on in stacks, and the glasses too, and put the knives and forks in convenient piles. That's fine. Now run down cellar again, and bring up some butter and a couple of kinds of fruit while I cut the bread."

A few moments later the buzz of the 'conference folks' coming into the front door with the Bishop, reached the dining room. Dick with his mother's big apron on and his sleeves rolled to his elbows, went in to meet them. He spent a few moments in happy greetings with old friends whom he had not seen since his return from his mission, then he slid open the folding doors which led to the long dinging room.

"Dinner is all ready, people. Mother was not well, so we sent her off to Grandmother's during conference, but I hope you won't mind. I elected myself 'chief cook, and bottle washer' in her place. Of course, I can't do it up like mother, but I think there's enough to fill up on. Just help yourselves in the buffet style we practice out in the mission field. When you are through, you will find a place for your dirty dishes out in the kitchen where Phil and Ned will supply you with clean ones."

Bishop Easton stood at the head of the table and "returned thanks," and in a few moments the crowd were busily and happily following Dick's instructions.

On the last afternoon of conference, Dick permitted his mother to come home to see how his scheme had worked out. She was immediately surrounded by her visiting friends.

"Sister Easton, we've missed you, of course," said the Bishop's wife from Glenville, with a dish and a dish towel in her hands, "but, I've never enjoyed a conference so much in my life. You've certainly solved the 'conference folks' problem for us all. I have grown to dread the times we have conference in Glenville. But it is so easy when things are simplified and every one lends a hand to the work, instead of sitting around feeling stiff and uncomfortable, not knowing how to help, yet knowing we ought to."

"It's not only easier, this way," remarked Bishop Marrian, of the Hooper ward, as he joined the group, "but we all have a jolly good time when we are turned loose like this, and made to feel so perfectly at home."

From the kitchen door, Dick beamed into his mother's relieved and satisfied face.

PASSING THE MUSTARD.

Even Christian Science readers will probably relish this joke from *Life:* "Christian Science father (taking his boy across his knee): 'Now, Willie dear, remember that this doesn't hurt me any more than it doesn't hurt you.'"

A SONNET

Ah, soon spring-blossoms, after winter's snow,
Make fair the branches of the orchard trees,
And after darkened skies, chill winds that blow,
The summer riches come all youth to please.
But nevermore comes back the spring of life,
Nor time returns the summer in love's years;
What of the prime comes back unto the wife,
White haired and dreaming that a voice she hears?
Yes, that one voice that now is heard no more,
To bring life's blossoms, save it be in dreams,
Or make the summer wear that garb it wore,
When all the earth was golden in love's beams?
Ah, in the soul all beauty hath a part;
The hair grows white, yet never old the heart!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE

A Prince of Ur.

Homespun.

The lofty chamber of Azzi-jaama was ablaze with lights. If the master workman could not go about, he could burn great cauldrons of oil in the illumination of his own costly audience chamber, even at the mid-day hour. It was a theory of his, that crime and sin loved darkness; light was the enemy of baseness and murder. So he was extravagant in his demands of more light.

This Sabbath day he was very restless. His gleaming eyes and ebony face worked with silent emotion. He knew that his daughters and his one cherub boy were about to die. He had been deceived by his crafty wife concerning their imminent danger, and fancied, from the exceeding quiet and silence that brooded over his dwelling during the earlier part of the day that the terrible catastrophe was averted for the time—and he was somewhat comforted.

A long but muffled whistle, sounded so close to his ear that he would have been startled, only that his was a nature that was prepared for sudden changes in the universal phenomenon which we call life.

Signing to one of his attendants, the thick curtains over the grill-work in the lower end of the apartment was lifted, a hidden doorway was revealed, and at another signal, the eunuch placed a key in the door, and the low portal swung inward, revealing a dark and low passage, leading downward in the bowels of the earth. From this aperture, there presently emerged the tall form of the Damascean merchant. He was followed quickly by the first shepherd who had accosted him at the city's gates but an hour before.

Azzi-jaama gazed sternly at the merchant, who was an apparent stranger to him, and said sharply:

"What bird has flown, and whose gold is ready that you seek my presence so rudely and without invitation, through my private passageway?"

The merchant again changed the posture of his upstretched arm, and with his fingers all outspread, he said quietly:

"The bird is caught, and now lies panting upon Elkanah's altar."

"Slaves, retire! I will call if I require your presence."

The black servants quickly withdrew, salaaming profoundly as they left his presence. The carver turned to the merchant.

"Speak without fear. What is thy clear meaning?"

"Thy daughters, Azzi-jaama, now are in the sacred walls of the Ziggarat, while thy little child plays with the fires of Elkanah."

"God of Adam and of Noah! Can such things be? Is my life, my prayers, my devotion to my master, my sacrifices of all that I have held dear lost upon the God of Noah? Can my master Terah sit by while I am thus despoiled? What have I not sacrificed for him?"

The old man's cries were pitiful in their agony—terrible in the revelation of the cankered spot in the strong courage which had sustained him through his checkered life.

The shepherd, distant cousin of Terah, and himself a life-long friend and associate of the Javanese image-maker, stepped sadly forward and said with profound emotion:

'May it not be that thou hast served Terah better than thou hast served God?"

The cripple screamed out with the force of the blow. This was the tortured thought which had banished sleep from his pillow since Abram had last visited him and had frankly hinted just such a solution to his life-failure.

"Out upon thee, for a sword-speaker. Thy thrust pierces my vitals. 'Tis that which makes this hour hell unqualified. My daughters have remembered their sainted mother's teachings better than I have remembered my covenants beside the altar of my grandfather Japheth. O merciful God of Adam and of Noah!" The two listeners shrank from this naked revelation of a strong soul's unveiling. But they could not stop their ears. The piercing voice cried on:

"Take my life—but spare my lovely daughters. They, O Lord, have been true to Thee. I alone am the culprit. Visit me, O Lord, with thy hot displeasure! Punish me with death upon the altar, or in any way that will shrivel my flesh and scarify my body. But spare, O spare my children! These are so innocent, so helpless!"

It was more than men could endure. The merchant said boldly:

"Men must bear whatever life may bring. Spur thy courage, Idol-maker. Death is not our worst sorrow."

"Ah, thou hast used my title—Idol-maker—once so cherished, so desired. It is that which hath caused my downfall. It was this cunning hand, this fertile brain that I allowed to be mine undoing. I was proud of my skill; of my ability to fashion the curious and grotesque idols which should symbolize to these vain worshipers of wood and stone, the very gods which they were so determined to see and touch and cover with jewels. And when my master Terah saw my skill, he listened to my pleadings. He thought it no particular harm to make the idols—someone must do it for these vile Assyrians. And why not we? His will, and

my cunning laid the foundation of all his wealth and of my present misfortunes. O that I had slain my foolish wild ambitions. 'Tis ever thus; we think the gift, the personal fame, will bring renown to God if we but lavish time and life upon its cultivation. But we turn around to worship at the idol-throne which we have set up in our own minds, and forget to worship God—who is a spirit and must be worshiped, in the spirit jealously. I have worshiped my gift instead of my God. And how much better am I than the heathen king Nimrod, who is now offering up my lovely children on the altar I have myself designed and fashioned. O God, thy judgments are just, but they have slain me!"

The old man paused, his whole frame shaken with the powerful emotions he had called up. With his face bowed low upon his arms, he shook as if with sudden palsied age.

At last, the merchant, thinking to divert his attention, said as quietly as he could:

"That is not all the story we have come to tell. Not alone thy daughters, but the son of Terah is also to be slain upon the altar of Elkanah this night at rising of the moon unless he will hold the knife of sacrifice upon thy children."

"What? Speak again!" The old man was vibrant with attention. "Speak, I say—drag not thy words. They carry more than my poor life-interest. Speak, I say."

"The young prince Abram is to be offered on the altar this night, unless he offers up thy daughters."

"Abram? Prince of the house of Terah? Friend of Pharaoh, reader of the heavens, builder of the Pyramids, philosopher, and priest after the order of the Son of God?"

"I have said it," repeated the merchant. The old man looked for confirmation to the shepherd. He too bowed his head in acquiescence.

The Idol-maker was now fully roused. His own loss was forgotten in this new and awful discovery. Though he was a tender and devoted father, he was an all-serving man when the life or liberty of his master was threatened. And Abram was the best and truest friend that the House of Terah had ever known.

"Come we quickly to the business in hand. What are thy plans?" said Azzi-jaama.

Briefly they outlined the plan which Lot had devised, and which Terah himself had approved of.

"The plot is good; but what of father Terah?"

"He has been approached. His heart has been torn with the news of your own loss, and with the discovery of idol-worship in his own household."

The old man's face was struck with a spasm of recollection; but he motioned for the merchant to proceed.

"The whole equipment of our tents and household will en-

camp this night outside the gates of the city. We have already secured the most of the horses for sale in the markets; we have provisioned for a year; and word has been sent to the very uttermost portions of our tribes to prepare for instant immigration from the land of Ur. We know not whither our master will go; but this we do know: Terah has consented to lay down all this pretense of loyalty to a cruel and an apostate senile king, whose only law is corruption, carnage and whose only religion is idolatry."

"My prayers—if I may still hope to be heard—" here the old man's voice again shrilled into personal pain. The merchant interrupted him.

"Idol-maker—nay, I will not stain thy name with that title. The friend of Abram, and of God, I call you by your proper name—Azzi-jaama, let not thy thoughts dwell upon thy past. The past is an open grave to many of the best of men. But they or you may close it up and wreath its memory with fragrant flowers of good deeds, if but the gracious monument of repentance be erected over that spot. Forget the past; remember only the promising future. The man is never wicked who acknowledges his sin, or his mistake, and who prays for strength to overcome that sin. It is only when we justify ourselves in sin that we are wicked and unregenerate. Your very sorrow proves that you are still capable of repentance—nay, that you are still the friend of God and of Abram."

"You are not without intelligence, merchant," said the old man with grateful humility, "even one so young can feel for the sufferer."

The merchant signaled his pleasure at these words, and the old man continued:

"One thing must be done before we leave this accursed place. There must be someone strong and true, with powerful arm and untainted spirit, who will go into my master's workshop and there destroy everything which my cunning brain hath imagined of idols and images. There must not be one idol, nor one precious cylinder left, to canker the mind nor to debauch the imaginations of the heathen about us."

"Your wishes have already been met."

"What meanest thou?"

"The prince Abram hath entered the workrooms last night and surprised Mardan and a hundred followers of the black art in the very act of idol-worship in the caves below. He hath utterly destroyed every image and idol. He hath not left one single toe or hand. There is naught but mortar, broken stones and twisted bronze and gold about the place. All else is crumbling ruins."

"Ah—that image—and that one was my pride—my beautiful

are—all gone—but stay! My mind reverts to my sin! My pride is not yet brought to heel before my spirit. What weak creatures we men be! So! Abram hath wrought this very needed destruction. How he hates the worship of these heathen gods. I pray that his own soul may never come in contact with temptation."

"He would withstand it, friend." It was the voice of the shepherd. He too was a devout friend of Abram, and he could not resist thus voicing that loyalty.

"I doubt it now."

"One question more," said Azzi-jaama. "The Princess Sārai?"

"We know little of her. She has been cloistered in her own apartment all day. But she has been commanded to appear at the sacrifice at midnight, on pain of being forced herself to sit upon the pavement of the goddess Mylitta. She hath helped to plan this flight—and hath fashioned well nigh all its details. For Lot is not a thinker; he is just a soldier. Abram is shut up in his own chambers, under the direct guard of the king. So Lot hath let the princess guide our plans. And well she seems to know. For even Terah trusts her with direction. He is like a broken reed. We know not what the princess has in mind about her own release, but we may trust her; for she hath surely planned this flight with skill and prudence."

Their conference was suddenly interrupted with another long and sililant whistle. And the low portal in the end wall was again opened, and this time a score of sheiks, themselves leaders of great divisions of shepherds like themselves, crowded into the hall. The council became general. What was decided could best be gleaned from the closing remark of Azzi-jaama when they were about to separate.

"This passage, known only to my master's household, hath been enlarged by me, till now it goes even to the outer walls of the city. You may seek this refuge, if the soldiers press upon you too hardly. I shall try to secure some at least of my own household, a few at a time, and you may find them gathered in the place of rendezvous when you come without. I may not go, but I charge you to remember those whom I shall place in your keeping. Now, let no man value his life when his master and his God demands the sacrifice. For God and Abram must be your rallying cry. Haste, for there is not one moment to lose. The moon will rise exactly at the midnight hour, and that is but a few short hours away."

The men had scarcely left the chamber, when the curtains at the end of the corridor leading into the inner chambers of the house, were thrown violently up and the magnificent form of the Cushite woman stood before her husband. Her eyes blazed with

the fires of death and her huge bosom heaved with violent emotions.

"Thou ingrate! Thou traitor! Thou coward and trickster! Whom dost thou serve? Thine own self! Thou canst not even be true to thine own interests!"

"Peace, woman," said the Image-maker, harshly, "thou hast exceeded thy limit. Shut thy lips over thy ravening passions. I will not hear thee."

"Not listen to me? Fool—carrion—thou death-in-life, what canst thou do to prevent me? How canst thou hinder my lips from pouring out the hatred and disgust with which thy besotted body fills me every time I see thee? Not listen?" The infuriated woman struck her hands together angrily. As she did so, a dozen slaves came tumbling and trembling into her presence.

"Slaves, seize this living carcass of a man, take him to the lower dungeon under this hall, where all of you have cowered under my just anger. Quick—I say—seize him—"

The Idol-maker strove to rise to his feet. But his bones was sore upon him. His breath came in gasps; he could only fling his arms—those arms which had carved and shaped and fashioned the cunning symbols of the peoples' mad idolatry. A few gasps, and the Idol-maker was dead. The brute woman looked wildly at her work and then with a grunt of fierce disgust she fled from the death chamber.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The Damascean merchant hurried away to speak with the political prisoner Abram. He was determined not to alarm Abram with the recital of his danger until the plans were all completed.

The Sabbath day, with its quiet silences which had been made almost unbearable to Prince Abram by the tense attitude of uncertainty with which all things in his father's palace were shrouded, had faded into the golden and roseate sunset clouds which lay like jewels from Indus against the brow of the western sky. Abram was still busy with the hurried preparations for departure which had crowded the sacred day with most unusual and much regretted labors. But death and life for all his clan and family lay in the balance. His mind dwelt occasionally on the memory of the Princess Sarai, but so pressing were the demands of his present occupation that he scarcely had a moment to devote for this blissful occupation. As the sun dropped slowly out of sight behind the western rim of the world, Abram looked upward at his beloved and sacred shrine, now dismantled of all its glories, and as his servants bore away the last bale of his stuffs he saw approaching him up the steps of his terraced porches, the form of the Damascean merchant.

"Strange," muttered the prince in his beard, "till yesterday I had never seen this gracious and engagingly honest Damascean—and yet, my heart is already drawn out to him with an inexplicible warmth. His face, his eyes, his very voice-tones convince me that he is the friend promised me in my dream."

"May the Prince Abram live forever," said Eliezer, in the language of the courts.

"Nay, friend, say rather, may Abram deserve to live forever," and the prince extended his hand, over which Eliezer bowed to the ground in lowly salute.

"Look abroad," said Abram, as he placed his hand upon the rough abaya of the serving man. "What scenes may not the rising sun of the morrow greet in the proud and luxurious city of Ur."

"Ay, indeed," replied the merchant with troubled awe.

"Alas, my friend," said Abram with a sigh, "this Sabbath day is almost all that is left to Assyria of the beneficent laws of our common father Noah. How soon men forget, how soon they forget."

"Ay, my master—if there were no tablets, no laws, no Sabbath services nor sacrifices, men would as quickly revert to primal savagery as would the huge double lily pads in the artificial lake yonder drop back into the single lipped flower of the jungle, if human care and cultivation were withdrawn. It is constant words and things and ceremonies which keep men's minds turned toward God and His ways."

The terrace where they stood commanded a good view of the gigantic slopes and walls of the great yellow-red-violet-golden and silvered Ziggarut which itself was reared in the midst of the priestly college and surrounding courts of the city's walls in the southern end of Ur. The setting sunbeams glanced across the glittering walls of this gorgeous Ziggarut and almost blinded the eyes of the watchers. The colored walls of the lower halls and terraces were not less brilliant and startling than were the simpler but richer gleams of the gold and silver upper terraces. And the whole structure looked like some gigantic earth-crown, set in its embrasure of surrounding greens and all lay upon the long winding river banks like a jeweled tiara as the Euphrates trailed away northward, its silver band holding the Ziggarut as it were as an earth titanic crown-jewel.

Naught but an occasional echo of the chanting and liturgy of the temple ceremony reached the distant watchers on the terrace of Abram's private Ziggarut. But they saw the procession mount higher and higher, the thin and fluttering white garments of the women contrasting with the dark or golden tresses of the priestesses; the robe of the tall priestess in the lead was radiantly enriched and gloried by the long and gleaming golden fringes which

wound about the body from shoulder to ankle. The sunset caught an occasional glitter of a jeweled amulet on a bare ankle, or the long glittering golden fringes, or a blazing emerald in the frontlet of the head dress which was a part of their formal priestly robes.

"What mockery, what devilish mockery," cried Abram as he folded his arms and looked with anguished eyes upon the distant, moving, ascending figures. The occasional sound echoes of the musicians throbbed across the silent Sabbath spaces, but they were quickly subdued by the nearer splash of the river on the walls of their terrace, or the subdued cries of the boatmen who managed their craft as quickly as might be.

"These apostate descendants of our father Shem have so covered up in the centuries since father Noah came down from the Ark, the simple and glorious truths of the Gospel, that it is mockery indeed to worship a god as they do."

"Tell me, my prince, I would know, for I am but a student at thy feet? Behold thy servant, instruct him in the ways of the Lord."

The prince looked with the brooding eyes of joyful recognition into the upturned face of his newly-made friend and disciple.

"Seest thou the abominable idol which stands, not only in the place of honor in many of our market-places and in the Potphar's Hill whereon is the Ziggarut, but is even now a part of the very palace grounds of my father—it is—"

"The fish-god, Oannes?"

"It is so called by the Chaldeans. How bestial to thus degrade into the mummery of idol worship the plain tradition of Father Noah's coming into this far-eastern land as he came down out of the Ark. To make him a Fish-god! It was used as a symbol at the first, and so accepted by the priesthood. But now priests and people alike worship the idol as it stands.

"Noah taught the people that God was the father of the race," continued Abram. "That man had been made in His divine image. Man's attributes are inherited from God, and those attributes in Jehovah have become glorified and intensified for power and action. The human family on earth has its counterpart in the Divine Family in heaven. By the side of God stands His wife, like the woman by the man. They are accompanied by their Son, who is the heir to His Father's power and He is the representative of the Father and His interpreter. As man stands at the head of all created things in this world, so, too, God stands at the head of all creation. He has called all things into existence, and He can destroy them if He chooses."

"Can it be that the voluptuous Ishtar has been developed out of this revelation concerning the Divine Mother?"

"I know not, Damascean. But this I know: God could not exist save it were with His wife and our Mother. Ishtar is the

very antithesis of all that Mother means; she has been evolved out of the astrology which has grown up from the true teachings of the science of astronomy so long understood by the descendents of Shem, and even here in Ur taught by myself, in my younger days at the college of this city. Our mighty father Noah taught the gospel truths alike to all his family. These truths have been changed and interpreted to suit each descendent or people. Alas, for father Noah!"

"Where came he from?"

"From the chosen land across the great waters that now divide the earth since the days of Peleg. He and his three sons were the only ones left of all the sons of Adam save except the descendents of Cain who had already drifted over here and had filled up the countries of Egypt, Indus, and all the Accadian and Turaitian lands. These superstitious peoples, our great ancestor Noah found, and to them he taught the ancient order of truth and the gospel of Yehweh. He wrote a book on the origin of things, and taught his sons the beginnings of creation and of civilization. He left his records with his son Shem. But what have the most of his descendants done with these great and precious truths? Buried them in the mass of idol worship and pagan, heathen rites which have merely engrafted into the vile superstitions of these ungodly Turanians. The Rabmags are everywhere usurpers of the priesthood of God. Men have a desire to worship and when they know nothing and cannot find the whole truth, they wrap themselves about with its shreds and tatters. It is the teachers, the priests whom God will hold to swift and terrible reckoning; for He knows what hypocrites they are. And Nimrod—the great and terrible; he knows—he knows—that is his crime and it will bring his punishment."

"Dost know, my lord, that Nimrod hath doomed thee for the executioner of the altar, or death is to be thy portion?"

"What say you, friend? Art sure?"

"So sure that every one save thyself knows of this outrage. Hark!"

Even as they spoke a confused babble of voices rose from the courtyard.

"See, Damascean, there is trouble below—"

A woman's cry rang out of the Sabbath stillness.

"It is the princess Sarai. Quick, change thy abaya with me—give me thy staff—stay thou in my place."

"But Master, thy life will pay the forfeit of thus defying Nimrod."

Abram was gone.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Sary Ann's Family.

E. C. C.

It was one day in September that Sary Ann got a letter saying that her uncle Henry Pixton was dying and wanted her. She left on the next train for Palmyrie and in about a week we heard that old Pixton was dead and had left Sary Ann a fortune. You may be sure the news made quite a stir in Fern Heights, and we were all busy guessing what Sary Ann would do with her money.

Well, we didn't see nor hear anything of her for about a month, then one morning as I was busy a scouring my knives and forks I happened to glance out of the kitchen window and I see Sary Ann a-coming through the back gate. In a minute we were in each other's arms. You see Sary Ann and I have been friends all our lives.

After our first greeting I looked Sary Ann critically over. She gave a funny little laugh as she took the scouring cloth from my hand and sat down to my job at the kitchen table.

"Yes, it's the same old black alpacy I wore when I went away," she laughed, and I noticed a new kind of something daring in her voice.

"But your money," I said. "Your uncle left you all his money, didn't he?"

"Is that any reason why I should make a fool of myself? Every one I've met since I got home yesterday has stared at me just as you did. Did you all think I'd come back in a Harum-scarum skirt or some other tom-fool outfit?"

"But, Sary Ann, what are you going to do with your money?" I was that curious I couldn't wait any longer. "Sally Barton says you'll donate it to the Church, and Susan Gillet is sure you'll go to Europe as soon as the war's over, and Liz Daniels says you'll build a swell house and lord it over Fern Heights the rest of your days. I tell them they're all wrong, though I don't have any guess coming myself. What are you going to do with it, Sary Ann? I'm dying to know. Have you decided yet?"

Sary Ann scrubbed so furiously on one of my thinnest spoons that I was afraid she'd wear a hole in it.

"Yes, I've decided," she said, at last, looking real defiant-like. "But I ain't told a living soul for fear of being laughed at. So I'm giving you fair warning, Marthy Mathews, not to laugh." She paused a minute and threw back her head.

"I'm going to use Uncle Pixton's money to get me a family." I sat down and stared, hardly understanding what she meant.

"For heavens sake, Marthy, don't look like that. That's worse than laughing." She stopped scouring and looked me square in the face and began talking fast like a lawyer arguing his plea.

"And why shouldn't I have a family? You have one. Every woman in Fern Heights has one, and I'm just as good as any of you. I'm just as good a cook. I love children just as much and know just as much about taking care of them, and a sight more than most of you did when you got your first ones. I'd make just as good a mother as any woman in this town."

She stopped as if giving me a chance to refute what she had said, but I knew it was all true, and besides I was still dumbfounded. Pretty soon she went on.

"Why should I be deprived of a woman's right to a family just because when the rest of you were being courted I was a big, awkward, bashful girl and no one picked me out for a wife."

You see, Sary Ann wasn't popular with the boys when we were girls. I reckon the only beau she ever had was Lem Peters and he was bigger and clumsier than she, and left Fern Heights when he was still a boy, and went to Mexico.

Sary Ann went on, still defiant-like.

"I'm not blaming the men. It ain't them I want. It's a family. I want little children to feed and dress and cuddle just like any other woman. I want children of my own. You can't know how it is to envy every mother you see."

"But, Sary Ann," I finally managed to say, "you surely don't know a thing about mother-love, or you'd know that all the money in the world couldn't buy one little scrap of a baby."

Sary Ann laughed that queer little laugh again.

"Bless your heart, Marthy, I know I couldn't buy one from a real mother like you; but for all that, ain't the world full of poor, little homeless waifs who need a mother and a home just as much as I need a family?" I saw that she was very much in earnest, so I asked her how she was going to manage it.

"Well, I'm going to build a big, plain, comfortable home on my south forty, then I'm going to advertise for my family."

"Why, Sary Ann Dickson, you must be crazy," I told her. "Don't you know that will only bring all the riff-raff in the country to your door?"

"Oh, I'll reserve the right to choose my posterity," Sary Ann answered, as calm as you please. "And if I don't make a better choice than some folks do, I'll be ashamed of myself."

"I'm going to have a *real* family," she went on. "Not an up-to-date, fashionable family where one or two little chicks have to wander lonesome around a big house, being cheated out of the

brothers and sisters they ought to have. There are going to be big sisters and little sisters and middle-sized sisters; and big brothers and little brothers and brothers that go between; and babies—O Marthy, you don't suppose I could find twin babies?" Sary Ann's face fairly glowed. "I'm afraid I'd wear one out, I want to cuddle it so much."

"But the worry, and the work, and the responsibility," I reminded her.

"And the satisfaction, and the joy," Sary Ann ended for me, with a smile that transfigured her plain face.

Well, the next week the big, white home began to go up on Sary Ann's south forty. As soon as it was finished she did what she said she was going to do. She hung out a sign: "Wanted: A Family. For particulars call inside."

"I know," she confided to me, "there'll be lots of applicants I can't take, for I'm advertising in the newspapers as well. It will be hard, turning them off, but I'll see that something is done for them."

Well, the day the sign was put out Sary Ann's would-be family began to arrive, and after that there was a stream of them. They came—from grey-haired men and blear-eyed tramps, to new-born babes. Sary Ann, unruffled and good-natured, passed upon them all.

The Irish widow who came with her nine children, she established in the old cottage on her upper forty, and gave them work. The dozen or more cripples she sent to proper institutions where they received needed care and treatment at her expense. The score of the feeble men and women she took to the old people's home. After picking out her own "flesh and blood" from the mob of urchins who beset her, she sent the ones not elected, away, each one happier and better off than before the interview.

In about two months Sary Ann had her family completed. There were the Parker sisters, Ruth and Agnes, sixteen and eighteen years old; Polly Needham, about ten; Florence Giles, a little younger; and cunning little Bessie Ferris, whom some one sent from a distant city. Then there was Tom Ainsworth, most grown, who was a kind of invalid. He was the son of Sary Ann's Uncle Pixton's housekeeper, who died suddenly. And there was Jess Meekem and Billy Stubbs and Vernie Dobson, ranging in ages from two to ten. She didn't find twin babies, but she took poor Mrs. Finnigan's two little ones, when she died, and goodness knows they were near enough of an age. Besides these, she adopted old lady Ballinger for a grandmother for her family. She said she thought every child needed the sweet influence of a grandmother.

Well, I never in my life saw a happier mother than Sary Ann. She got to be really beautiful. It was a good sight to see her bustling and singing about that fine big homey home, directing her happy family. They all idolized her, and I don't blame them.

About a year after Sary Ann adopted her children, Fern Heights was surprised one day to see Lem Peters strolling about the streets again. He had been all over the world, it seemed, and had come back to ask Sary Ann to marry him.

They were married on Thanksgiving day, and it's a sight to bless your eyes to pass the big home and see them sitting out on the porch enjoying that adopted family.

SPRING.

By Maud Baggarley.

Hark ye not the voice of spring
  In the high, clear note of joy
That insistently doth ring
  From the meadow where the lark,
Drunk with life, doth ceaseless sing?

Every bough with life's a-thrill:
  The pregnant sod in prescience stirs
With rhythmic harmony, that fills
  With its cadences sublime,
Valleys cupped among the hills.

Rosy clouds of blossoms bright;
  Lilting song the whole day long;
Over all supernal light;
  And the evening with the hush
Of the first created Night!
  Thus the spring! hark and hear
Earth's old love song newly sung!
  It shall sound unto thine ear
Sweet as when the world was young!

A Wondrous Woman's Book.

Washington.—A notable addition has just been made to the Library of Congress in the presentation, by Mrs. Ida Husted Harper, of her magazine and newspaper articles on woman suffrage, and the various phases of the so-called woman question during the past twenty years. They are preserved in twelve large, handsomely bound scrap books, the contents of each indicated by gold lettering on the red backs. Every volume is carefully indexed and altogether they offer a mine of information on this much discussed question which will gladly be taken advantage of by those who are interested.

The books represent what may be termed the current events relating to woman suffrage and the general progress of women during this long period, as week by week and year by year they take up the points of special prominence just at that moment. It was during this time that Mrs. Harper wrote the *Biography of Susan B. Anthony,* and the last volume of the *History of Woman Suffrage,* and the fund of information which it was necessary to acquire for this work contributed to the accuracy of these articles, so they are likely to be largely drawn upon by future writers on the subjects they cover.

By no means the least important part of this collection are the volumes containing the accounts of the great international congresses of women held in Europe, beginning with the International Council of Women in London, in 1899. This was followed by others in Berlin, Copenhagen, Paris, Geneva, The Hague, Amsterdam, Budapest and on down to the large meeting at Rome, in 1914. Graphic descriptions are given, from the view point of a delegate and speaker. Of the distinguished people in attendance, the courtesies extended by the municipalities, the receptions by queens, empresses, the nobility and others of note, garden parties, visits to institutions, etc. Accompanying these are invitations, menus, pictures and souvenirs of many kinds.

One page of maiden hair ferns and delicate blossoms is inscribed: "Gathered in the little conservatory at the foot of the stairs leading to Tennyson's study." Under a cluster of pressed roses is written: "Placed in my hands by Queen Margherita of Italy;" and under another: "A rose from the bouquet of Eleanore Duse." In no other library in any country can a collection of these congress letters be found, and they are all the record that exists of these cosmopolitan meetings, except the official business reports, while the social festivities are their life and charm. A very interesting feature is the number of autograph letters from eminent people in the United States and Europe, some of them

possessing a value even beyond their signatures. In leaving these and other mementos in the books, Mrs. Harper has shown a commendable faith in the honesty of the readers.

Two volumes of especial interest are made up entirely of the series of articles that ran continuously for five years, 1899-1903, in the New York *Sunday Sun*. This was a period when the words "woman suffrage" seldom appeared in the newspapers and they attracted much attention because of their wide range, fearlessness and satire. Men were much rasher in their printed utterances than nowadays, and they were flayed without mercy, while the women "antis," who were just beginning to organize, were joyfully held up to scorn. These several hundred articles give an accurate pen picture of public sentiment on the woman question ten or fifteen years ago, and they record also practically every important step of progress.

It was largely through the influence of Miss Anthony that the *Sun* began the publication of these articles and she followed them closely and with the keenest interest. This was also true of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton and several of her letters are given in which she urges that they be put in some kind of permanent form and makes suggestions for future writing. Some characteristic of Miss Anthony is inserted, telling how she hurries home from church to read the articles, and a copy of a protest she sent Mr. Dana because one of them was cut! She carefully preserved them in scrap books of her own. Mrs. Harper herself has added a graphic account of how they happened to be written, and has made copious annotations for the assistance of readers.

The opening of the national headquarters in New York, which marked an epoch in the movement, is depicted; also the entrance of society leaders into the arena and the new regime of parades, street corner meetings, "hikes," and all the publicity features which are distinctive of the present day contest for the ballot. The books might be characterized as the unrolling of a panorama of the march of woman suffrage.

The story is told of many suffrage campaigns, including that of California in 1896, the first which attracted the attention of the country at large. Hearings before Congressional Committees are given; the granting of partial suffrage in various States and the action of Legislatures recorded. The suffrage question is discussed from every point of view, beginning when it was chiefly academic, and every possible objection is analyzed and answered. As the years go by, its development is followed into practical politics, and the later volumes describe the victories in the Western states, and the effects of women's enfranchisement on the laws, their election to office, etc. Considerable space is allotted in the books of 1914 and 1915 to the discussion of a national amendment and the debates and votes in Congress.

Through all the early volumes, the personality of Miss Anthony runs like a thread of gold, as many of them were written while Mrs. Harper was in her home and they were working on the *History of Woman Suffrage,* and Miss Anthony's biography. For about ten years before her death, their association was very close, each assisting the other. Miss Anthony always said that Mrs. Harper's pen came to her help just as Mrs. Stanton's was laid aside. A number of Miss Anthony's articles also are contained in these books, and some which they wrote together. Mrs. Harper lived to see both Mrs. Stanton and Miss Anthony pass from earth and to preserve in these volumes the tributes of the press to their memory and her own appreciation of their character expressed in various magazine articles.

It has evidently been a good deal of a sacrifice for Mrs. Harper to part with these books, which have been her companions for many years, but she gives her motive in a brief note of presentation in which she says:

"These scrap books contain a considerable part of my magazine and newspaper articles for the past twenty years. They performed their mission at the time they were published, and, like all such ephemeral work, were not preserved by others in connected form. Because of their associations and their convenience for reference they possess a special value for me, but I think that at this time, when there is so much study of the woman suffrage question, they should render more general service. For this reason I present them to the Library of Congress, although with the feeling of parting from my children. * * * Aside from the assistance which they may offer to students, present and future, their illustrations of the gradual evolution of public sentiment, and the strenuous objections of the opponents, will probably interest and amuse.

"I am deeply appreciative of the opportunity offered by this great Library to preserve these records."

The "records" consist of over 1,800 pages and form a collection of data which never can be duplicated. In placing them upon its shelves the Library of Congress is able to offer, for purposes of research, material which cannot be found anywhere else in the world.

Home Science Department.

Janette A. Hyde.

During the April conference, this department will hold a session on Saturday afternoon, April 8, at 2 o'clock, in the Bishop's Building. The General Committee will have charge of the convention work, and they will be assisted by experts from the Agricultural College. Discussions will be in order, and all problems and questions which the stake workers may desire to present can be brought forward at this time. We, therefore, invite the cordial co-operation of all visiting stake officers, and specially invite such chairmen of Home Science committees as may be here with us at that time, and all other interested workers.

We wish to emphasize the fact that all of this Home Science study is a part of our Relief Society Guide Work. The committees who may be appointed by the stake and ward authorities to have charge of this work occupy exactly the same position as do the committees for genealogical departments in the stakes and wards. We would disapprove of any separate organization movement which would weaken our own forces and introduce uncertain and mischievous elements into the harmonious conduct of our Relief Society. We certainly desire that these committees shall have the hearty support of ward and stake presidents, but they will operate under the direction of the officers, in the same manner as do the other committees. There is a great field for this work, and we see many wonderful opportunities for enlarging this department and the scope of our various activities; but we wish to begin modestly, and gradually grow on natural principles without crippling any other departments or introducing anything in the nature of a boom which is detrimental to all concerned. Therefore, we urge prudence and wisdom in the conduct of this and all other phases of our work.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTES AND FACTS.

Mrs. Rorer.

To Make Flavorings. Grate the outside of oranges and lemons, using granulated sugar, th. to the half of either grated rind. Drying and putting away in bottles, makes cheap and most delicious flavorings.

Convent Pie.

2 ounces of spaghetti—boiled.
2 slices of bread and butter diced.
¼ lb. grated cheese.
1 tb. salt.
1 tb. chopped red pepper.
1 tb. chopped green pepper.
2 eggs well whipped.

Flavor with onion, pour over the whole affair in the bowl 1 cup of milk, and bake in the oven.

Mock Charlotte Pudding.

3 tb. cornstarch.
½ cup cold water, in which cornstarch is moistened.

Add quickly 1½ cup boiling water, ½ cup sugar, flavor with vanilla or nutmeg, whites of 3 eggs beaten stiff. Place on stove until cooked thin and transparent, add the stiffly beaten eggs and sugar. Fold into mold, let stand until cold. Serve with fruit juice or cream.

French Floating Island.

1 pt. milk.
3 eggs.
3 tb. pulverized sugar.
3 tb. granulated sugar.
1 ts. flavoring.
½ salt spoon salt.

Separate the eggs, whip the whites stiff with 3 tb. pulverized sugar, (ask for the X or XX grade). Have whites light, but not stiff. Add granulated sugar and beat until glossy and stiff. Heat the milk, place on top the meringue. Cook until it sets. A floating island is never thick. Add the yolks beaten to the milk, put on the stove and cook until it sticks to the knife. Adding a few chopped almonds to this island, makes a delicious flavor. When cold, place your meringue on top and serve. Fresh almonds will cure indigestion.

A most convenient and helpful hint to those preparing a large amount of potatoes for Church suppers or social parties, is to mash them in a bread mixer. They are as light and creamy as if whipped by hand, and only require a few minutes work.

It is becoming a well recognized fact that poultry keeping is an essential adjunct to all farming. In districts where alfalfa is grown, special attention is being given to this industry. The value of the fowls as insect destroyers is appreciated. They are also great destroyers of other bug pests that infect the fields.

PASTRY LESSON.

3 cups pastry flour.
1 ts. salt.
1 ts. sugar.
1 cup shortening.

Cut shortening into flour, add cold water to moisten, but do

not make wet. Mix with spoon, take from bowl, roll out four times, and fold. Put away in napkin to ripen. Do not put pastry directly on ice, as it absorbs moisture and ruins the pastry. Dough left standing over night is much lighter than if used immediately after making.

Roman Pie Crust (Individual).

1 cup flour. 1 tb. butter.
1 tb. sugar. 1 egg.

Rub butter in flour, and moisten the mixure with egg, using additional tablespoon of water. Take out on the bread-board and knead very lightly. Roll out thin and line the dish at once, giving plenty of room for crust. Take the additional pieces of pastry left, wet the edges of pie-plate and crust. Place strips around the edge, and place to cool in ice chest.

Filling for Roman Pie.

5 eggs beat until light.
1 cup granulated sugar.
1 cup chopped nut meats.
1 ts. vanilla.
2 tb. cocoa.

A SOUND AND STRONG OLD AGE.

The winter is a hard time for the elders, and the diseases which attack them—pneumonia and bronchitis, Bright's disease and heart disease—are not as easily controlled as are typhoid fever and tuberculosis and the other communicable diseases which attack us in earlier life. In most cases, however, these affections may be checked by living a healthful life, for they are all diseases due to low vitality or to excessive strain of some sort, to unhygienic habits rather than to years alone.

Most of the diseases of later life and senility are primarily due to aging of the blood vessels, as a result of excesses of some sort, overeating, alcoholic stimulants, or overwork. Avoidance of excesses would add five years to the life of the average adult.

Good food in proper amount, frequent draughts of pure, cool water will keep the digestion and the kidneys in such condition as to avoid many of the troubles of later life. Temperance in eating and drinking, a modicum of physical exercise, rest in the open air, avoidance when possible of nervous strain—in short, that moderation in all things which the Latin poet prescribes—these give the best insurance of a long and happy life.

"Happy as a King."

(Grandma Riggs, the cheerful philosopher.)

Ida Stewart Peay.

Most every morn the tots would shout,
"How are you, grandma, dear?"
When well they knew she'd answer them
With customary cheer,
A peeping o'er her spectacles
Her voice would gaily ring,
"Why, bless you, child, I'm well today,
And happy as a king!"

Her hair, frost-white, her brow deep-lined,
Her step, too, weak and slow,
The years had brought experience
Of sorest trials, I know;
But when the maidens scampered through,
Enquiring on the wing,
"How's grandmamma, today?" she'd cry,
"I'm happy as a king!"

The sorrows of the past had left
Deep scars on grandma's face—
Though every softened line revealed
Her faith in God's good grace—
But when a lady old would come
And mourn (poor broken thing)
"Ah, misery me!" grandma'd maintain,
"I'm happy as a king!"

And with her ninety years and one
She managed still to bless
Some life each day, if e'en a child's,
Bright'ning at her caress.
And when she went beyond this sphere
Where deeds reward sure brings,
I trow the share allotted her
Was great as any king's.

Query Box.

Hazel Love Dunford.

[This department is in receipt of some anonymous letters. We cannot print such letters, nor can we answer the writers privately for we have no name nor address. The usual rule of refusing to accept or publish unsigned letters must obtain in this department.]

Mrs. C., Richfield—Latter-day Saint women who have been through the temple know the rules of this Church regarding the wearing of low-necked and short sleeved dresses. When they break those rules, they must suffer the certain consequences of disobedience. But you and I will not be blamed for other people's faults and sins. Let us watch our own lives carefully that we may not become stumbling blocks.

Can you tell me where we get the letters P. S., as used at the bottom of a letter?—C. R. D.

These letters are an abbreviation of the Latin phrase *post scriptum,* written afterwards in English. The words postscript has become a noun, the words written at the bottom of a letter, with the prefix P. S., being spoken of as the postscript.

A young writer wants to know our ideas on teasing and playing with children before they are put to bed.

In my opinion it is a selfish form of amusement and should never be allowed. It is practiced many times by cruel, thoughtless persons, early in the evening. A child becomes nervous and excited, and it is almost impossible for a good, peaceful night's rest to follow. Many a mother has lost hours of sleep because some senseless adult tossed and bounded her baby before he took his bottle and went to bed. The hour before bed-time should be quiet and happy. A good plan is to tell the babies a simple story, let them hear some soft music, or look at some good pictures, and generally this will put the child in a condition for sleep.

I know that milk is a very valuable food, but my children do not care for it. Can you suggest any way that I might use to induce them to like it?—R. F.

It is indeed unfortunate if your children, as you say, do not like the taste of milk, but this is very often the case. Milk is one of the best foods for young children, because it contains all the food elements required to meet the body demands. Try offering a little reward for a cup of milk. Often a dislike is merely a whim, and can be overcome in some such way. You might add

a little spice as nutmeg, cinnamon, etc., or make with a little weak cream; use milk for the liquid. You may find that your children will enjoy buttermilk where they will not taste sweet milk.

My young daughter insists on wearing low-neck dresses and short sleeves to school. All that I can say or do seems to have no effect. "Other girls do, why should I not be allowed to do so?" is what she always ends up with.—A. B. C.

There is an alarming number of our Latter-day Saint girls appearing at school and elsewhere in ridiculously low-cut dresses. It seems to me that parents and school authorities are the only ones to handle this problem. It is largely a question of "doing as the other fellow does." If a leader in a crowd could be made to see that it were not the right thing and she were converted, there would soon be a change.

Cracked eggs may be boiled, if they are to be served that way, provided the inner skins are not broken. Add a tablespoon of salt to the water, or sprinkle salt on the egg over the crack. They will cook without a particle of white escaping.

A little salt added to the bowl of cream will help if you have been unable to get it to stiffen in beating.

An old flour sifter that has lost its value as a sieve makes an excellent egg boiler, as the eggs may all be placed in the water at once and also removed at once when done.

Children will be delighted with a variation of the old colored Easter eggs. When the eggs have been boiled and cooled, draw flowers' names, bunnies, etc., by using slit pen dipped in melted wax for ink, drop in dye, and the result—white figures with colored back-ground.

Mrs. Marvine Brown from Manassa, Colorado, writes to know if we can tell her what to do for her gums and teeth. She says, "My gums are falling away from my teeth and at times are a fiery red and very sore."

From your description I am almost sure you are suffering from pyorrhea. I know of no better thing to use than epecac. Get a small quantity and rub it over your gums and they will soon harden up again unless your case is too far gone. In that case we advise you to consult a first class dentist. Keep the teeth very clean. Salt and water is a very poor cure for this disease. It has a tendency to contract the gums. You need more acid in your system and less salt and soda. Try lemons once a day.

Current Topics.

James H. Anderson.

THE JEWISH RELIEF fund received liberal subscriptions in Utah, where anti-Semitic prejudice has less hold on the people than almost anywhere else.

IN MEXICO, since the present troubles began there, 112 Americans have been killed, the murderers being punished in only two or three instances.

GENERAL VILLA, the Mexican revolutionist, bandit and rebel, continues on the warpath, with no certainty when his killing and plundering activities will cease.

THE "LUSITANIA" case between the United States and Germany developed into a long haggle about passenger ships being armed for defensive purposes, and final settlement appears to be in the far, dim distance.

JOSEPHUS DANIELS, United States secretary of the navy, has forbidden naval officers to talk on war preparedness. Whether the gag is applied because these officers know too little or too much is not stated.

THE UINTAH BASIN in Utah is to have direct railway communication with Salt Lake City in the near future—so railway officials say. The line will be a vital factor in developing that part of the State.

LINDLEY M. GARRISON, United States secretary of war, had agreed with President Wilson upon a program for the increase of the army; then the President went on a speaking tour and returned with a change of program, whereupon Mr. Garrison, not being able to assent to the alterations, promptly resigned.

PERSISTENT NAGGING and faultfinding on the part of a wife has been decreed by the Utah Supreme Court to be a sufficient cause for divorce. The rule, however, fits that kind of a husband, too.

THE ITALIAN ARMY has made slight progress against the Austrians the past month, in the European war zone, but the sit-

uation as between those two beligerents presages little change for some time to come.

Ex-Governor Sulzer, of New York, advocates the placing of a tax of $1,000 per gallon on whisky. Instead of absurd "playing to the galleries," why not be sensible and eliminate whisky beverages entirely? It's the only method worth while.

Aerial raids from Teutonic sources give much worry to the entente allies. Only in France do German airships seem to encounter much danger of being brought down by the fire of guns on terra firma.

Mildred Marek, six years old, was killed by being struck over the heart by a baseball, while some boys were playing in a yard at Nampa, Idaho—one more victim to ball playing by boys in the vicinity where little children are wont to gather.

Dr. John A. Widtsoe has been selected as president of the University of Utah, and Dr. E. G. Peterson as president of the Agricultural Collegeof Utah. Both are very capable men for the positions to which they have been elected.

Lynchings in the United States, in 1915, included four persons whom later developments proved were innocent of the crimes charged. More than ever each year this calls for the stern curbing hand of the law against such mobocracy.

Preparedness for war on the part of the United States continues to be a debatable policy, in degree rather than in essentials. Many leaders of thought throughout the country seem to feel that readiness for war means the development of an uncontrollable desire to engage in armed conflict.

The "Mormon" Church appropriation for its church schools for 1916 amounts to $303,000; this comes from the tithing of the Saints, which also furnishes funds for the support of the poor, and thus the money goes back through beneficial channels to the people.

O. N. Hilton, the lawyer who became notorious in the case of Murderer Hillstrom, says that "Mormonism" "is the vilest thing in national life today—the admitted menace to everything worth preserving." Like other persons grossly unclean in word and deed, Hilton evidently feels that everyone who does not bow to his aims should be destroyed.

President Joseph F. Smith and Presiding Bishop C. W. Nibley departed in the latter part of February for Hawaii, to direct the laying of the cornerstone of a Temple of the Lord in those islands—a gratifying development in the progress of the gospel among the people there.

Minimum wage laws in Massachusetts, especially for women, are shown by the statistics of 1914 and 1915 to have increased the ranks of the unemployed, from the fact that many workers were not sufficiently efficient to earn the minimum wage required by business conditions and consequently were dismissed, only the more efficient, trained workers being given employment.

Winter floods in the United States, outside of the Rocky Mountain region, caused considerable loss of life and property. The most serious calamity was in the Otay and San Luis Rey valleys, California, where 65 lives were lost, 3,000 people rendered homeless, and over $2,000,000 in property destroyed.

The European war's most notable development since the first of this year has been the Russian victories over the Turks in the Asiatic arena, to the east and south of the Black Sea, and extending toward a juncture with the British and French forces that will cut off Syria from Turkish dominion. The "sick man of Europe" seems about to receive a fatal thrust from the Asiatic side.

Louis D. Brandeis, a Boston attorney, was nominated by President Wilson to fill the vacany in the United States Supreme Court. Immediately thereafter, a strong protest went up, and the Senate judiciary committee held an investigation. The objection to Lawyer Brandeis was in effect that he was an extreme radical whose appointment would be a menace to the public weal and that he had been guilty of unprofessional conduct in his law practice. That he is a Jew also adds to his unpopularity with narrow-minded people.

The Canadian parliament house at Ottawa has been destroyed by fire, and several war munition factories, both in Canada and in the United States, have been burned recently under circumstances which cause a belief that destruction is the work of agents of the European Teutonic allies. Taken in connection with the fact that the Federal grand jury at San Francisco found 32 indictments in February against German consular officials for alleged violations of neutrality laws, the presumed Teutonic offensiveness on this side of the Atlantic seems to be quite extensive.

Notes from the Field.

By the General Secretary, Amy Brown Lyman.

Annual Conference. The Annual Conference of the Relief Society will be held April 4th and 5th, 1916. On Tuesday, April 4th, two general sessions will be held in the Salt Lake Assembly Hall, meetings commencing at 10:00 a. m. and 2:00 p. m. All Relief Society officers and members are invited to be in attendance. On Wednesday two meetings will be held for officers, in the Auditorium on the Fourth Floor of the Bishop's Building. Matters of vital importance to officers will be discussed at these two sessions. All officers are urged to be present.

Special Meetings. On Saturday, April 8th, two special meetings will be held in the Auditorium of the Bishop's Building, the morning session commencing at 10:00 a. m. will be in charge of the committee on Obstetrics and Nursing and Public Health. Topics will be given on the Care of the Mother and Child and Emergencies. The work in Public Health for the summer months will be outlined and discussed.

The afternoon session, commencing at 2 o'clock will be devoted to Home Economics. This meeting will be in charge of the Home Economics Committee, and the following subjects will be discussed: Household Wastes and How to Prevent Them, Co-operative Housekeeping. These topics are outlined to be given in the regular lessons in May and June, in the various ward organizations.

Relief Society Books. The books for secretaries and treasurers have at last been mailed out to the stake presidents for distribution to the wards. The price of the secretaries' book is $1.75, and that of the treasurer is $1.25. Bills for the books will be mailed to the stake presidents. These books will not be carried by the book stores. Extra copies may be obtained, by sending orders to the General Secretary, Room No. 29, Bishop's Building.

Farm and Home Conventions. The Farm and Home Convention held in Logan, from January 24th to February 5th, was a success in every particular. The attendance in the Home Economics Department was especially large. Great interest in this department is no doubt due mainly to the fact that the Relief Society has taken an active interest in this work. Most of the stakes adjacent to Logan were represented, and many of those at a distance sent delegates. The lessons, as outlined in the Relief Society Home Economics Course, were presented and discussed

for the special benefit of our workers. Many other subjects of interest to home-makers were considered, the demonstrations and other special features being particularly attractive. The General Board was represented at the convention by Mrs. Janette A. Hyde, chairman of the Home Economics Committee, and Miss Sarah Eddington, also a member of the same committee.

Every ward in the Benson stake was represented at the Home Convention at Logan, the Stake Committee was also in attendance.

Mrs. Ella Bassett, the capable secretary of Deseret stake, traveled all the way from Delta to Logan, to take advantage of the Roundup.

Mrs. James Paxman of Nephi was also in attendance as a representative of the Juab stake.

In a letter from Prof. Melvin C. Merrill, of the Idaho Technical Institute, we learn that the Home Convention in Pocatello, Idaho, was successful beyond all expectation. The attendance was good throughout, and was greatly augmented by the presence of representatives of the Relief Society organization, who were shown every courtesy in the way of special instruction in their particular line of work, as well as in a general way.

Genealogy. Genealogical report given at the Liberty Stake Relief Society Conference by Annie Lynch, Stake Supervisor of Genealogy and Temple work for the Relief Society: "In making the report on Genealogy and Temple work for the past year, we congratulate the sisters of Liberty stake on the excellent record made. The roll of attendance at our stake Temple days shows that 1,033 days have been spent in Temple work. This is donation work, the lists being furnished by the wards, in turn, of those who cannot do their own work, or who are not financially able to hire it. This represents an attendance of 400 individuals, including a number of the younger sisters. We are delighted to have these younger women join with us. Our Temple work has been a united labor of love, and all have been blessed. We are gratified with the results. This year we have two objects. First, to continue our donation work; second, to encourage and assist, if necessary, those who have not already taken up their own lines. Charity begins at home, and our first duty is to our own kindred. The lessons have been fairly successful. The class leaders deserve great credit for their untiring efforts. The cards filled out each month show an increased attendance and interest. Committees have been appointed in most of the wards to take up the living Records."

Magazines. The supply of January, February, and March Magazines is exhausted. As there are many new subscribers

who are particularly anxious to obtain copies of these numbers, we shall be pleased to purchase a limited number of these copies from subscribers who care to dispose of them.

Mrs. Alfred Gnehm of Logan writes the MAGAZINE: "I have just received the February number of the RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE, and I think that alone is worth $1.00."

Northern States Mission. In a report from Mrs. Mary Smith Ellsworth, President of the Relief Society of the Northern States, we learn that there are now twenty Relief Society organizations in this Mission, all doing excellent work. Mrs. Ellsworth has recently been on a tour through the Mission, and is very much gratified with conditions in general. During the year of 1915, there were sixteen societies, eleven of them only one year old. The total enrollment was 276, with an average attendance of 175. Several of the societies have made a practice of holding work meetings on the afternoon of meeting day at the home of the President, and a theology meeting at the home of an investigator, making two meetings in the same day.

In the Winnepeg Society there are twenty-two enrolled members, with an average attendance of twenty-four women. This large attendance was due to the fact that many friends of the members have attended the meetings to assist in preparing clothing for the Canadian soldiers. This work continued as long as the Government could supply material, since that time the Society has turned its attention to the making of children's clothing, which has been given to the needy or has been sold at nominal prices to those who are able to pay for it.

In Milwaukee, there are now two Relief Society organizations, a German society and an English society, with about twenty-five members in each. In the past, these members have all met together, but because of the fact that many of them cannot speak and understand English, it was thought best to make two organizations. It is very fortunate that one of the missionary girls in Milwaukee speaks the German language. She has been appointed to act as class teacher in this Society. Her companion is acting in the same capacity in the English branch.

In this Mission, the Relief Society has established 106 genealogical records, and 104 family records. They have sent in 511 names to the St. George Temple for baptism, and 36 for ordinance work; 1,127 Church magazines have been distributed, and 2,706 tracts; $713.68 has been distributed for charity, $318.36 for general purposes, and they have a balance on hand of $266.61. This Mission has sent in 161 subscriptions to the RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE, and have recently placed $168 with the Presiding Bishop's Office for a wheat fund.

EDITORIAL

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah.

Motto—Charity Never Faileth.

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RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

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Room 29, Bishop's Building, Salt Lake City, Utah

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THE CHILDLESS ONES.

The Unsatisfied Longings.

There are burdened parents amongst us, and mothers spent and broken with the ceaseless toils and cares of motherhood—but what of the childless wives, and the sonless husbands, in this Church? What of the longing arms of women who suffer to cuddle a babe upon the aching breast, and to kiss the roseleaf-petaled, nestling mouth of the newly-born? What of the lonely, sonless husband who watches other men trudging past his door with laughing sons perched on their shoulders, or who sees fathers hurrying home in the Christmas dark, laden down with children's toys and trees to deck for laughter-loving babes when morning breaks on Christmas day? What of these, when preachers rise and bless the parents or stigmatize the childless, and make of them a hiss and by-word in the congregations? The childless couple's eyes are always feasted with another's joys, their blessings are negative in tone and kind. What of these? There are two kinds of childless couples: the willing, guilty ones, and the helpless, hopeless, innocent victims of physical or spiritual handicap.

The Gospel Consolation.

The innocent sufferers have, in this gospel only, a full and glorious consolation. For some wise purpose, for some deep, unexplained, spiritual trial of faith, this childless

cross has been permitted to rest upon some shoulders. There will be no worthy childless married people in eternity. Parenthood and Godhood are inseparable. And when this life, with all its trials and losses, has gone by, even these hungering souls will understand the cause, and rejoice in the over-ruling Providence which permitted this great trial. Many who have had children here will be childless over there, and those who have been innocently deprived will in the eternities have the blessed privilege of bearing and of rearing spirit children. Endless increase is the promise made to us in holy marriage covenants. O happy thought, O holy hope!

Children Through Adoption.

Some childless ones there be who choose to lessen loneliness by taking orphan babes to cherish and to rear. All honor unto such. Nobler far are they than those who bear their children complainingly and slow. 'Tis a deliberate choice of cares and trials, then, a willing assumption of parents' burdens borne for purely spiritual reasons. Such parents should be loved and respected in this community, and be given equal place beside the fathers and the mothers in modern Israel.

Be Wise in Criticism.

Let our tongues be wise and our comments slow. When parenthood is named and its failures are disclosed, discriminate with careful speech between the innocent and the guilty; for there may be as many unwilling, sinful parents who bear thy words as there are unwilling, guilty, childless married people. Let each one judge himself. For here is truth and justice. God blesses those who bear children to his name just as he sends them—and equally he blesses those who would be parents, if nature had not locked the doors. All honor, then, to righteous men and women, both childless and the fruitful. God multiply blessings unto all.

MAGAZINES! MAGAZINES!

So popular has this MAGAZINE become that we are unable to keep up with the demand. We began printing, this year, the same number as we sold last year. Before January was out we had exhausted them; in February another thousand was printed, and those were sold before March comes. We are sold out of March numbers now. We want to buy back January, February, and March numbers. Please help us, by sending a limited number to this office.

Guide Lessons.

LESSON I.

Theology and Testimony.

FIRST WEEK, APRIL, 1916.

WOMEN OF THE BIBLE.

MIRIAM AND DEBORAH.

(Read the following references first: For Miriam—I Chronicles, 6:3; Exodus, 2:4-9; Exodus, 15:20, 21; Numbers, chapter 12. For Deborah—Judges, chapters 4 and 5.)

It is often thought by us modern Occidentals that the women of Bible times were timid, subjected creatures, without any influence outside the home. This may have been true of other nations in the ancient Orient, but it was not so among the Jews. A nation that can boast of a Miriam and a Deborah must have had an extremely high conception of the dignity of woman. No one can read the record of these two women's doings, brief as that record is, without feeling the high place which woman held in the Hebrew nation.

Miriam was the sister of Moses. This is a significant fact. The sister of Moses! Ranke, one of our most thoughtful historians, declares that Moses was "the most exalted figure in all primitive history," for the reason, largely, that he revealed to the world and incorporated in his people an idea "for all times and all nations." Is it probable that, as Moses' sister, Miriam did not share in the splendor of his genius and that, as his intimate companion for many years, she did not acquire power and influence through his mighty achievements? "I sent before thee Moses, Aaron, and Miriam," says the Prophet Micah, speaking for the Lord to Israel and referring to the redemption of the Hebrews from the bondage of Egypt. Here Miriam's name is associated with that of Aaron and of Moses as the divine instruments of that most memorable event in Old Testament history. And the pen that wrote the second book in the Bible calls her emphatically "the prophetess."

On three separate occasions is Miriam represented as taking part in some significant action: Once, when she loiters around by the Nile waiting anxiously to see what is to become of the infant Moses in his cradle of bulrushes by the water's brink, and then, when the princess suddenly finds the child crying and takes pity

on it, she hurries to the scene, quick-wittedly, to ask whether she shall not fetch a nurse, and brings her own mother. And again, when she leads "all the women" of the Hebrew camp in the dance to the sound of the timbrel, to celebrate the victory of the Red Sea, as the carcasses of the Egyptians float upon the crests of the waves. "Sing ye to the Lord," she shouts, "for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea!" And, once again, when "Miriam and Aaron"—note the order of the names—"spake against Moses." They reproved him for his marriage to an Ethiopian woman. "The Lord," we are told, "came down in the pillar of the cloud, and stood in the door of the tabernacle, and called Aaron and Miriam." Jehovah was angry with them, and when the cloud was lifted from the tabernacle, "behold, Miriam became leprous, white as snow!" On Aaron's admitting that he and Miriam had "done foolishly" and "sinned," Moses cried to the Lord in her behalf, and she was made whole again. But she was required to stay without the camp of Israel for seven days, during which the people waited at Hazeroth.

Miriam must therefore have been a remarkable woman. She was a prophetess doubtless in the sense that she, with Moses and Aaron, was divinely appointed to lead the Children of Israel out of their bondage in the land of Egypt to the Land of Promise. As a co-worker with her notable brothers, she must have partaken, with them, of the spirit of prophecy and revelation, and had her part in the direction of affairs, most probably among the women. A great honor, she is, to the nation that produced her.

In Deborah we have another ramarkable woman. The wife of Lapidoth (Jewish tradition has it that she was the wife of Barak, who thus becomes the same with Lapidoth), she has been called a "torch-like woman" and a "furnisher of light"—something that is true of her in more than one sense. The sacred historian calls her a prophetess and says that she "judged Israel." There can be no reasonable doubt that Jehovah called her to the leadership of Israel at this time and that He inspired her in the great work of delivering her people from the power of their enemies—which proves that the Spirit of God rests alike upon Jew and Gentile, male and female, bond and free, and that He is no "respecter of persons."

It seems that at this time the Hebrew people had one of their dwindlings into unbelief, in the language of the Book of Mormon. The record says that "the Children of Israel did evil in the sight of the Lord" and that He delivered them "into the hand of Jabin, king of Canaan," whose seat was Hazor. Of this king the Israelites were afraid, for "he had nine hundred chariots of iron." For "twenty years he mightily oppressed the children of Israel," chiefly by means of the terrible Sisera, captain of his

hosts. When this oppression reached the unbearable point, the Israelites "cried unto the Lord," as was their wont in deep distress, however forgetful they might have been in their prosperity. And so Jehovah raised up a deliverer to them in the person of Deborah, a woman.

Deborah, we are told, "dwelt under a palm tree." That was because she was a woman, for a woman could not teach in private but only in the open air, where all could assemble. "And the children of Israel came up to her for judgment," the record says.

One day Deborah "sent and called Barak." She said, "Hath not the Lord God of Israel commanded, saying, Go and draw toward Tabor, and take with thee ten thousand men of the children of Napthtali and of the children of Zebulun"—two of the twelve tribes? Barak obediently came to Deborah, but for some reason —probably because he trusted more in the arm of man, or, strictly speaking, in the arm of woman, than in the arm of Jehovah—refused to go up against the enemy unless she went with him. She consented, warning him, however, that the glory of the victory, would belong to a woman. The result was as she had predicted. Of all the hosts of Sisera "not a man was left," and Sisera himself, fleeing on foot, fell into the hands of the artful Jael, the wife of Heebr the Kenite, and was killed by her in the most ignominious fashion. Thus was Israel delivered from the hand of their oppressors by the inspired mind of a woman.

Deborah is therefore a most extraordinary figure in Jewish history. She takes the part both of the man of peace and the man of war. In peace she attracts to her the people who seek counsel and the adjustment of difficulties, and in war such leaders as Barak. Whether or not Barak is regarded as her husband, the situation is equally remarkable. A commanding personality, performing the functions of judge, warrior, and prophet!

QUESTIONS.

Compare these two women, (1) in the situation they found themselves in, (2) in their opportunities, so far as we know them, and (3) in their character and works.

What would these two women be doing today should they have lived in this age of the world? Is there a place for them in our society? Give your reason for so thinking.

LESSON II.

Work and Business.

SECOND WEEK IN MAY.

LESSON III.

Genealogy and Art.

THIRD WEEK IN MAY.

GENEALOGY.

LINKING THE PAST TO THE PRESENT.

There are two methods of studying history as there are two methods of studying genealogy. One method is to begin with the first known fact or individual and work on down to the present. The other is to begin with the living individual, or fact, and work on back from that starting point. The second method is the one we have followed this winter in preparing our genealogical lessons. Beginning with every individual member of the Relief Society, we have asked that a sheet be prepared for that individual. Next, we have asked each member to prepare a similar sheet for her husband. Then prepare sheets for each of her children, then grand-children.

Now we will assume that every student member in the Society has her loose sheets prepared and wishes now to know how she can put her information into the living family record, which has been specially prepared by the Genealogical Society for this very purpose. There are a number of instructions given on the first page of the record itself, and if they are carefully read you will get some idea as to the method in which you are to proceed to fill up this record; but there are a number of problems or questions which arise in this matter, and we will name some of them here, and give you our own suggestions concerning them:

In paragraph 3, of the instructions in the record, we read:

"It is recommended that the family groups commence with the eldest of the line, who were members of the Church in life, and that the others follow in order of seniority."

Now, as a matter of fact, there is a point to be settled. Whose record is this to be, the record of the husband and his family including his wife and his children; or is it to be a record of the woman and her family, including her husband? As personal illustrations sometimes clarify a lesson, we will say that a husband, Jacob F. Gates, for instance, has a large family in this Church and so has his wife, Susa Young Gates, whose father was Brigham Young. The record book would not take a tenth part of the Young family and, indeed, it would not hold all of the Gates. On the next leaf will come Jacob F. and wife with father joined the Church with his brother Thomas and his sister Mary. Their large families could not possibly be put into the

son's book. These are personal problems. How shall we solve them? Jacob F. Gates decided to write down his father and his mother on the first leaf of his book. On the next leaf comes his wife's father and mother with their children, including Mrs. Gates. Next, on the next leaf will come Jacob F. and wife with their children. This is a natural sequence as the husband was the oldest child of his father. On the next leaf appears Jacob's brother, Franklin, who was next in age with his family; and so on, taking his brothers and sisters and their families. Then follow Brigham Young and his wife Lucy Bigelow's three daughters with their families. Following these will come the oldest married Young child with her children, and so on, down the list of the Young children. The individual sheets are prepared for each one whose name appears in these family groups. It will take a long time to get all of the information concerninig even this restricted family group. Yet that is the task set for the Gates family to do. On the pages where Jacob F. Gates' father's name appears, and on the page where Susa Young Gates' father's name appears is a note referring to other records where will be found the complete record of Jacob Gates' family, and the complete record of Brigham Young's family.

Another question that is being asked is, what shall be done where a man has more wives than one, and where the wife has more husbands than one? The two husbands' names would precede the name of the wife in the order in which they were married to her, while the wives' names would follow the husband's name in the order in which they were married to him.

It is also asked what shall be done where the husbands' and wives' families are sufficiently small to be included back to the grandparents in one book? The answer is simple. Include them both, but if there is any doubt about their all going into the one book, have separate records for the husbands' families and the wives' families, as in the Gates record and the Young families' record.

ART.

SPRING LANDSCAPE STUDY.

I have always felt that I could endure the long, cold winter, because at the end, spring would come.

Spring—the beginning of things, the return of life, the return of the birds, their nesting time, the budding time.

April comes with her baptism of the new year, and with a week's soaking rain washes away the dead ashes of the past.

THE SOAKING WET DAY IN SPRING.

Now begins a festive season for the poet and artist. Note the dark, water-soaked soil, the puddles of water, the miry roads, the wet sheds and fences. Look at the first bursting of the sun's rays through the heavy clouds. If you will study this landscape, you will find, when you next visit a gallery, a work of art that, without this study, you would not have noticed.

APRIL'S MOODS.

The heavy rains over, a playful feeling of youth and new young life pervades all the landscape. The winds are no longer boisterous and blustering as in March, and are totally unlike the winter and fall three-day winds. Now they chase each other, first warm, then cold, then blowing warm again. Like an impulsive, merry child April turns suddenly from smiles to tears—short-lived, for while you tuck your new spring hat under your sleeve, fearing a drenching from that water-filled cloud, lo, the heavens open, and bursts of sunshine, showers of living gold, call life to seed and bud.

I hope, dear sister, you are not so dried up, so sordid, so tied to small things, so wedded to the commonplace, that you cannot make an effort to break your shell, and look out into the real, beautiful world, because you are missing more than you think. Hunt for that beautiful patch of willow green that should be somewhere in your valley. May is passing in the season's procession, with her blossoms and flowers. The mountains, far beyond, once covered with snow, appear lace-capped. As the air becomes drier and warmer, clouds hang in great white billows in the sky. What a happy time for a walk into the fields, along the nearby hills.

QUESTIONS.

a. Where did you find the pussy-willows?

b. What blossoms have appeared?

c. What wild flowers are pushing their way out?

d. How much gray color is seen in the landscape? What change will come presently?

e. Describe a rainy evening, uptown, with reflections of light upon the wet pavements.

f. Describe the wettest day that you have seen this spring, with a team and wagon passing over the road.

g. Describe a scene with spring blossoms and winter snow on the mountains.

ARCHITECTURE.

Devotees and Their Shrines, pp. 124-131.

CLASSIC PERIOD, THE CLASSIC REVIVALS, THE VICTORIAN GOTHIC.

You have all had missionaries abroad, and can no doubt collect scenes and pictures from various English towns and cities. A little effort might bring together a collection of these architectural works, which would be very helpful in developing the spirit of the buildings of the Classic Period, the Classic Revivals, and the Victorian Gothic—all beautiful styles of architecture.

Study each illustration, and be able to tell each type given. Name its architect, and name it as a building. Review what has been gone over, by asking each member to name the various types of architecture, with the name of its architect, shown in cuts from pages 121-131. If possible, have a native of England describe the following:

a. Describe St. Paul's exterior—London.
b. Describe St. Paul's interior.
c. Describe Radcliffe Library—Oxford.
d. Describe the Mansion House—London.
e. Describe Fitzwilliam Museum—Cambridge.
f. Describe other notable buildings in England.

LESSON IV.

Home Economics.

FOURTH WEEK IN MAY.

THE LATTER-DAY SAINT HOME.

THE HOME BUDGET.

If the finances of the home are to be managed in a business-like way, one needs some systematic method of planning her expenditures. The object of this lesson is to give such a system. The plan given here is intended to be suggestive, not an absolute model for every family. But with it, as an example and basis, any woman can make changes to suit her own special needs.

This plan is one which has been worked out through many years of experience, and has been found practical. It requires about three or four minutes each day to keep it up, with from fifteen to thirty minutes once a month to balance up.

The first necessity is a blank book, size about 7½ inches by

9½ inches. As it is almost impossible to find one ruled to suit the individual family, it is better to get one which simply has the lines ruled in it, and do your own ruling into columns.

The division of expenses into separate headings and allowing what shall be spent for each, we call the budget. (See Fig. 1.) The divisions given here are simple and practical. It is well to put this in your account book on two pages facing one another. Rule a double column for each heading. The first column under each is for the allowance, the second is for what is actually spent for this item, each crosswise line is for a month. With this system, one can watch each month to see that she is not overspending; or, if she does do so one month, can watch to make up for it in the following months.

At the end of June, the middle of the year, space is left for balancing up and finding out if there is left a fair share for the last half of the year.

At the bottom of the page we balance again. After the totals are made, place in the line called "Surplus" the amount saved under the allowance; in the one called "Deficit," the amount spent —more than the allowance.

The sample budget given here is for a family of five—father, mother, and three small children. The total income of the family is $1,500 a year. Three hundred of this is taken out for investments, savings, insurance, etc. The account of how these savings are spent may be kept by the man of the family, but the plans and payments coming under this head affect the spending under the family budget and must be taken into consideration when planning it.

On the first of January a statement should be made on two pages facing each other in the investment account book. The left page shows every obligation to be met, whether to be paid this year or in the future. When this is totaled, the whole sum shows the total liabilities or indebtedness. Below, on the same page, the months are written down in order. Under each month is put down what has to be paid that month—interest, taxes, water taxes, insurance, or whatever it may be. The right page shows investments separated into groups—land and buildings, livestock and machinery, stocks and bonds, etc. Insurance policies are listed showing loan value, cash value, and insurance or death value. When this page is totaled we have the total assets—just what one is worth if debts were all paid.

Thus in the small space of two pages is shown the family's exact financial standing at the end of the year, and all obligations to be met the coming year.

The statement of payments to be met each month must be taken into consideration in planning the family expenditure for

that month and for those before it, when the saving for the payment is being made.

With this before her the woman sits down to make her budget. (See Fig. 1.)

The various expenses are arranged under seven divisions: *Shelter, Operation, Food, Clothing, Equipment, Advancement, and Incidentals.* Besides columns for each of these, a column for total amount allowed, and total actually spent, is arranged, and finally a column for savings planned for.

The first heading is for *Shelter.* By this is meant the house and the expense of its upkeep—taxes, repairs, improvements, etc. Or if the house is rented, the rent goes into this column. We suppose this family to be renting at $20 a month. So the expense for the whole year can be accurately set down, and there is no need to watch this column to see that it does not overspend. But when the house is owned, this column requires more careful attention.

The next heading is *Operation.* Under this head are kept light, heat, and service. By service is meant help of any kind paid for, such as maid, laundry. In the family we are studying, you observe that amounts spent for operation differ from month to month and that at the half year a surplus exists which is needed later, for in July the annual supply of coal is laid in. A small surplus of $1.40 is found at the end of the year.

The next heading, *Food,* is one which requires careful watching. First, one must be sure the family are getting sufficient nourishing food, and second, that the bills are not mounting over the sum allowed. There is a small deficit here at the end of the year, but so very small that it is only by careful planning that budget and actual expenditures can so closely agree.

Clothing is another item which requires careful planning and careful spending. It would be well to divide this column into separate columns for each member of the family. Clothing will not be purchased at so much each month, but will come largely by the seasons. A good plan is to write down under each name what each one is going to need and make some estimate of what you will pay for each article. For example:

Mary: Hat ($3.50), Cloak ($6), Dress ($3.75), 2 Aprons ($1), 3 Union Suits ($2.50), etc. Add it up; it here amounts to $16.75. Compare that with what is allowed for this child and if it is too much study it carefully to see where the necessary saving can be made. Since the sum spent for clothing must vary so from month to month, it is the half yearly or yearly amount which must be watched.

Equipment is the term used to cover the various things needed to equip the home—furniture, dishes, linen, etc. This

family spent about as planned for 1915, on this item, and saved some here.

Advancement covers expenses of education, recreation, church, charity, trips, etc.

Incidentals covers dentist and drug bills, and various items which seem to belong nowhere else. An allowance here sufficient to cover small incidental sicknesses is all that is intended. Of course, when more serious and expensive illnesses occur, the expense must be met by saving somewhere else. Perhaps *Equipment* will suffer first. The new furniture, dishes, or whatever was planned will have to be dispensed with. And anything else the family can do without will have to be considered, and finally it may eat into the intended savings for the year. Thus extra, unexpected expense, in any division of the budget, will have to be met by spending less than planned somewhere else. But if one looks carefully ahead, the year when any large readjustment is necessary will be the exception.

On the top line of the "Allowed" column, under the heading "Totals" place the total sums allowed for the whole year's expenditure under the budget. In the sample budget, this is $1,200. At the bottom of the "Spent" column, place the sum of all amounts spent, as found at the end of the year. In this budget it was $1,200.75, showing that the budget was overspent just $.75.

In order to keep up this budget and to plan intelligently for the next year, one must keep account of all money received and spent. Chart No. 2 shows a method of doing this. A few days only are filled out, but the amounts at the foot of the page are given for the complete month. In the account book, immediately following the budget, two pages facing each other are used for a month's account. The first page has ruled at the left edge a space for the date, and written across the top the month and year; on the right hand page are ruled the ten columns.

Under the heading "House" are found *Shelter* and *Operation*, which correspond to the same two columns in the budget. *Food*, for convenience, is divided into two columns—one for groceries, the other for meat, dairy and eggs. *Incidentals, Advancement, Clothing, and Equipment* provide divisions the same as those in the budget.

Under the heading "Total," the total amount of money spent each day is kept. This is obtained by taking the sum of the amounts in the several columns for that day. As this budget is planned and carried out on a cash basis, this sum gives the amount of cash spent each day. At the end of the month each column is added up and the amount placed at the bottom on the line called "Totals." Thus, one sees what has been spent for shelter, food, and every other item during the month.

The sums of these several totals should balance the sum in the

daily cash totals. In the January account given; it amounts to $87.50. The cash received is kept in the last column at the right of the page. Above the top line is always placed the cash on hand from the previous month. January first was $1.60. The $1,200 allowed for the year's expense gives $125 a month. This is received the first of the month and placed on the first line of the "Cash" column.

In some families the cash would not all be received by the woman in the one sum at the first of the month, and it might be derived from different sources, as for example, some from her husband and some from the sale of eggs, milk, or other articles. Under these circumstances it would be well to leave about two inches of space between the column "Total," and the column "Cash Received," to be used for writing in the items which would go into the cash column from time to time. We would suggest that even when eggs or any other products are exchanged for groceries or other articles that the cash value of the produce be entered in the cash column and the article bought put in the account the same as if paid for in cash. At the end of the month the difference between "Cash Received" and "Cash Spent" gives the cash on hand. In the sample budget the difference between the $126.60 of cash available for this month, and $87.50 spent, gives $39.10, which is the amount of cash on hand to be placed at the top of the "Cash" column for February.

The totals at the foot of the column on this page give the sums to be placed in the respective columns in the budget. You will note that the sums found here are just what are found in the "Spent" columns of the budget for January. Thus, the monthly account is the necessary basis for the budget current expenditures.

This may look complicated at first glance, but a little study shows that it is very simple. However, this particular system, as was stated in the beginning, is given as an example of a budget and account system which has been developed through years of household accounting. Any individual housekeeper may wish to add more headings or get along with fewer, or change some of them. This is all immaterial. Find the system and the headings which fit your needs and use that. But efficient, business-like housekeeping requires a system of careful financial management. And such a system needs some method of planning and accounting as its foundations.

QUESTIONS.

1. What is needed for managing the home in a business-like way?

2. What kind of a plan is given here? If not a model, why is it given?

3. What equipment is necessary for beginning this plan?

4. How arrange the book for the budget? What is placed in the first column of the double columns under each heading? What is placed in the second column under each?

5. What is planned for at the middle of the year? At the end of the year?

6. For how many and on what income is the sample budget (Fig. 1) given?

7. Tell of the business statement which must form the foundation of the household budget. Why is this needed first?

8. How many divisions in the sample budget?

9. What is meant by *Shelter?* What belongs under it? Would you put anything more under this?

10. Repeat Question 9 for *Operation.*

11. What belongs under *Food?* What changes would farm women make? How would you estimate the farm and garden produce?

12. Should we economize greatly on food?

13. How plan for *Clothing?* What is necessary clothing? Is clothing a wise place to economize?

14. What is meant by *Equipment?* Can one easily plan ahead for these things? Is this a wise place to economize?

15. What is meant by *Advancement?* Should one spend liberally or economically here?

16. What is placed under *Incidentals?*

17. Discuss the "Total" Column.

18. Why must one keep account of all money spent?

19. Discuss arrangement of house account as given in Fig. 2. Why should farm women leave a space between "Total" column and "Cash" column? What will she write in this space? May a whole page be better for this?

20. Should the cash value of farm produce be placed in "Cash" column and the food placed in the *Food* column?

21. Where are the totals at the bottom page to be placed in the budget?

22. Is this a complicated system? Suggest changes you consider an improvement.

The following tables are given only as suggestions. Sisters should arrange and re-arrange these tables to suit their own conditions. Farmers' wives can use money equivalents in their estimates.

Fig. 1.—BUDGET, 1915.

	Shelter		Operation		Food		Clothing		Equipment		Advancement		Incidentals		Totals		Savings	
	Allowed	Spent	Allowed	Spent	Allowed	Spent	Allowed	Spent	Allowed	Spent	Allowed	Spent	Allowed	Spent	Allowed	Spent	Allowed	Real
	$240.00		$200.00		$380.00		$175.00		$ 50.00		$105.00		$ 50.00		$1,200.00		$300.00	
Jan.		$ 20.00		$ 5.20		$ 33.50		$ 2.95		$ 12.75		$ 10.00		$ 3.15				
Feb.		20.00		7.50		31.05		1.90		2.40		4.50		12.75				
Mar.		20.00		12.85		25.90		8.85		.60		10.25		3.30				
April		20.00		6.30		29.40		15.25		3.75		8.20		7.00				
May		20.00		16.20		32.15		35.00		2.95		3.25		1.20				
June		20.00		4.30		30.75		10.00				10.90		.85				
Total		$120.00		$ 52.35		$182.75		$ 73.95		$ 22.45		$ 47.10		$ 28.25				
Bal.	$120.00		$147.65		$197.25		$101.05		$ 27 55		$ 57.90		$ 21.75					
July		20.00		76.50		28.30		5.15		1.50		5.30		.50				
Aug.		20.00		7.85		27.60		4.30		10.10		4.20		2.10				
Sept.		20.00		19.35		31.40		14.50		1.30		18.75		2.70				
Oct.		20.00		15.65		44.50		30.00		2.50		6.50		5.45				
Nov.		20.00		10.65		31.85		27.15				15.25		3.50				
Dec.		20.00		16.25		34.10		20.00		1.00		13.90		4.25				
Totals		$240.00		$198.60		$380.50		$175.05		$ 37.85		$111.00		$ 46.75		$1,189.75		$299.25
Surplus			$1.40						$12 15				$3.25					
Deficit					$0.50		$0.05				$6.00							

FIG. 2

	JANUARY, 1915.	House		Food		Incidentals	Advancement	Clothing	Equipment	Total	Cash Received
		Shelter	Operation	Groceries	Meat Dairy Eggs						
Jan.											$ 1.60
1	Rent, $20.00; electric light, $1.50; lettuce, 15c; salt, 10c	$20.00	$ 1.50	$ .25						$21.75	125.00
4	50 lbs. H.P. flour, $1.35; 1 doz. oranges, 60c; 1 T-steak, 40c; 1 pr. mittens, 50c			1.95	.40			.50		2.85	
"	Car fare, $1.00; club dues, $2.00					1.00	2.00			3.00	
5	2 lbs. cheese, 50c; 2 doz. eggs, 70c; 1 lb. butter, 40c; magazine subs., $6.00			.50	1.10		6.00			7.60	
6	6-lb. roast, $1.20; ½ doz. plates, $1.75; notepaper and env., 60c; stamps, 50c				1.20		1.10		1.75	4.05	
	Sample Guide Totals	$20.00	$ 1.50	$ 2.70	$ 2.70	$ 1.00	$ 9.10	$ .50	$ 1.75	$39.25	$126.60

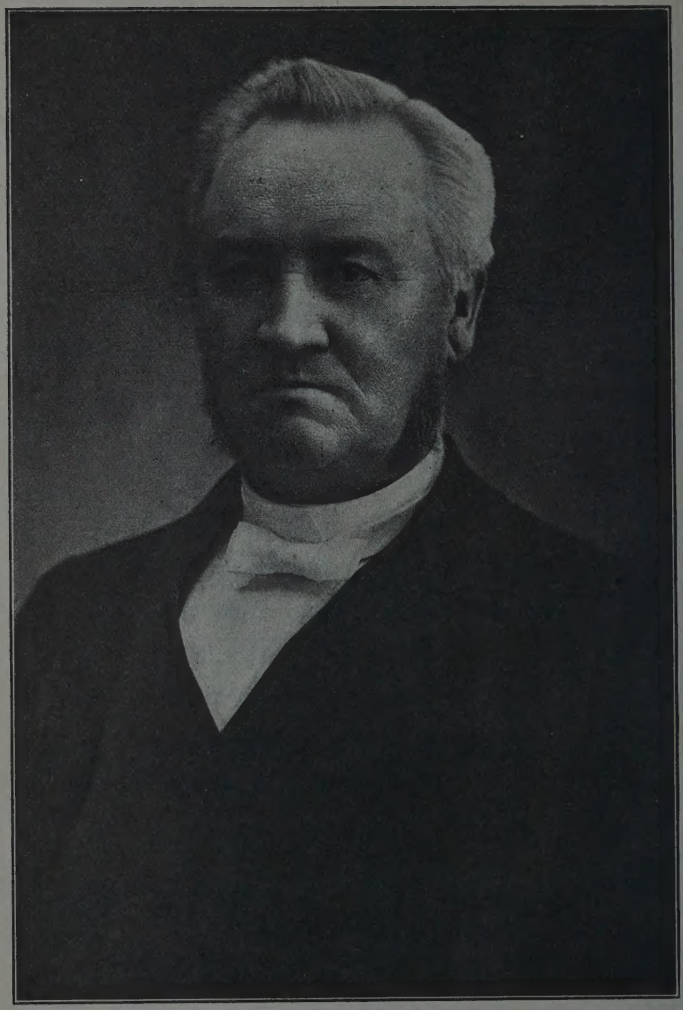
Sample Guide Cash Received.....$126.60
do. " Paid Out 39.25

do. " On Hand .... $ 87.35

NOT EVEN FATE

Love, I have walked upon the crowded streets,
Thus to my brain forgetfulness to lure,
Yet thought of thee the foolish effort cheats,
And makes this present to the past how poor!
Here I do come unto this sacred room,
And shut the world out as I lock the door,
Yet still thine eyes look on me from the gloom,
As through the hours I ceaseless pace the floor.
O when I take the pen, as now, and write,
Yet think of thee and finish not the line,
Forget my words and know not of time's flight,
And hopeless sigh for that which once was mine:
Yet then alway, my Love, this truth is seen,
Not even fate shall change the day that's been!

ALFRED LAMBOURNE.



PRESIDENT ANTHON H. LUND.
Born 13th May, 1844, Aalborg, Denmark.